



The Wife's first?

M^{rs} GIBBS & MISS HOYDEN.

Mrs. Hey, Good. I will marry again there.

London, Printed for G. Cawthorn, British Library, Strand, Oct^r 3, 1795.

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THE
RELAPSE;
OR,
VIRTUE IN DANGER.

A
COMEDY,
BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,
By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

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PREFACE.

To go about to excuse half the defects this abortive brat is come into the world with, would be to provoke the town with a long useless preface, when it is, I doubt, sufficiently soured already by a tedious play.

I do, therefore (with the humility of a repenting sinner) confess, it wants every thing---but length; and in that, I hope, the severest critic will be pleased to acknowledge, I have not been wanting. But my modesty will sure atone for every thing, when the world shall know it is so great, I am even to this day insensible of those two shining graces in the play (which some part of the town is pleased to compliment me with), blasphemy and bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find them out: if there were any obscene expressions upon the stage, here they are in the print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not sunk a syllable, that could (though by racking of mysteries) be ranged under that head; and yet I believe with a steady faith, there is not one woman of a real reputation in town, but when she has read it impartially over in her closet, will find it so innocent, she will think it no affront to her prayer-book, to lay it upon the same shelf. So to them (with all manner of deference) I entirely refer my cause; and I am confident they will justify me against those pretenders to good-manners, who, at the same time, have so little respect for the ladies, they would extract a bawdy jest from an ejaculation, to put them out of countenance. But I expect to have these well-bred persons always my enemies, since I am sure I shall never write any thing lewd enough to make them my friends.

As for the saints (your thorough-paced ones, I mean, with screwed faces and wry mouths) I despair of them; for they are friends to nobody: they love nothing but their altars and themselves; they have too much zeal to have any charity; they make debauchees in piety, as sinners do in wine; and are as quarrelsome in their religion, as other people are in their drink: so I hope nobody will mind what they say. But if any man (with flat plod shoes, a little band, greasy hair, and a dirty face, who is wiser than I, at the expence of being forty years older) happens to be offended at a story of a cock and a bull, and a priest and a bull-dog, I beg his pardon with all my heart; which, I hope, I shall obtain, by eating my words, and making this public recantation. I do therefore, for his satisfaction, acknowledge I lied, when I said, they never quit their hold; for in that little time I have lived in the world, I thank God, I have seen them forced to it more than once; but next time I will speak with more caution and truth, and only say, they have very good teeth.

If I have offended any honest gentleman of the town, whose friendship or good word is worth the having, I am very sorry for it; I hope they will correct me as gently as they can, when they consider I have had no other design, in running a very great risk, than to divert (if possible) some part of their spleen, in spite of their wives and their taxes.

One word more about the bawdy, and I have done. I own the first night this thing was acted, some indecencies had like to have happened; but it was not my fault.

The finegentleman of the play, drinking his mistress's health in Nantes brandy, from six in the morning, to the time he waddled on upon the stage in the evening, had toasted himself up to such a pitch of vigour, I confess I once

PREFACE.

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gave Amanda for gone, and am since (with all due respect to Mrs. ROGERS) very sorry she escaped; for I am confident a certain lady (let no one take it to herself that is handsome) who highly blames the play, for the barrenness of the conclusion, would then have allowed it a very natural close.

PROLOGUE.

*LADIES, this play in too much haste was writ,
To be o'ercharg'd with either plot or wit;
'T was got, conceiv'd, and born in six weeks space,
And wit, you know, 's as slow in growth—as grace.
Sure it can ne'er be ripen'd to your taste;
I doubt 't will prove our author bred too fast:
For mark them well who with the muses marry,
They rarely do conceive, but they miscarry.
'T is the hard fate of those who are big with rhyme,
Still to be brought to bed before their time.
Of our late poets Nature few has made;
The greatest part—are only so by trade.
Still want of something brings the scribbling fit;
For want of money some of 'em have writ,
And others do 't, you see—for want of wit.
Honour, they fancy, summons 'em to write,
So out they lug in resty nature's spight,
As some of your spruce beaux do—when you fight.
Yet let the ebb of wit be ne'er so low,
Some glimpse of it a man may hope to show,
Upon a theme so ample—as a beau.
So, howsoe'er true courage may decay,
Perhaps there's not one smock-face here to-day,
But 's bold as Cæsar, to attack a play.*

*Nay, what 's yet more, with an undaunted face,
To do the thing with more heroic grace,
'Tis six to four y' attack the strongest place.
You are such hotspurs in this kind of venture,
Where there 's no breach, just there you needs must enter.
But be advis'd——
E'en give the hero and the critique o'er,
For nature sent you on another score;
She form'd her beau, for nothing but her whore*

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

SIR NOVELTY FASHION,	-	Mr. Woodward.
YOUNG FASHION,	- -	Mr. Lee Lewes.
LOVELESS,	- -	Mr. Wroughton.
WORTHY,	- -	Mr. Davies.
SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSEY,	-	Mr. Wilson.
SIR JOHN FRIENDLY,	-	Mr. Young.
COUPLER,	- -	Mr. Thompson.
BULL,	- - -	Mr. Booth.
SYRINGE,	- -	Mr. Fearon.
LORY,	- - -	Mr. Cushing.
LA YAROLE,	- - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Page,	- - -	Mr. Simmons.
Hosier,	- - -	Mr. Ledger.
Shoemaker,	- - -	Mr. Jones.
Taylor,	- - -	Mr. Bates.

Women.

AMANDA,	- -	Miss Farren.
BERINTHIA,	- - -	Mrs. Bates.
MISS HOYDEN,	- -	Mrs. Wilson.
Nurse,	- - -	Mrs. Pitt.
Sempstress,	- -	Mrs. Platt.
Amanda's Woman,	- -	Miss Stuart.



THE
RELAPSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter LOVELESS, reading.

“How true is that philosophy which says
“Our heaven is seated in our minds!
“Through all the roving pleasures of my youth
“ (Where nights and days seem all consum’d in joy)
“I never knew one moment’s peace like this.”

Here—in this little soft retreat.

The raging flame of wild destructive lust
Reduc’d to a warm pleasing fire of lawful love,
My life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter AMANDA.

How does the happy cause of my content, my dear
Amanda?

You find me musing on my happy state,
And full of grateful thoughts to Heaven, and you.

Aman. Those grateful offerings Heaven can’t receive
With more delight than I do:

Would I could share with it as well
The dispensations of its bliss ;
That I might search its choicest favours out,
And shower them on your head for ever.

Lov. The largest boons that Heaven thinks fit to
grant,

To things it has decreed shall crawl on earth,
Are in the gift of women form'd like you.

“ Perhaps, when time shall be no more,

“ When the aspiring soul shall take its flight,

“ And drop this pond'rous lump of clay behind it,

“ It may have appetites we know not of,

“ And pleasures as refin'd as its desires——

“ But till that day of knowledge shall instruct me,”

The utmost blessing that my thought can reach,

[*Taking her in his arms.*] Is folded in my arms, and
rooted in my heart.

Aman. 'T were all the Heaven I'd ask.

But “ we are clad in black mortality,

“ And the dark curtain of eternal night,

“ At last must drop between us.

“ *Lov.* It must: that mournful separation we must
see.

“ A bitter pill it is to all; but doubles its ungrateful
taste,

“ When lovers are to swallow it.

“ *Aman.* Perhaps that pain may only be my lot,

“ You possibly may be exempted from it;

“ Men find out softer ways to quench their fires.”

Lov. Can you then doubt my constancy, Amanda?

You'll find 't is built upon a steady basis——
The rock of reason now supports my love ;
On which it stands so fix'd,
The rudest hurricane of wild desire
Would, like the breath of a soft slumbering babe,
Pass by, and never shake it.

Aman. Yet still 't is safer to avoid the storm ;
The strongest vessels, if they put to sea,
May possibly be lost.
Would I could keep you here in this calm port for ever.
Forgive the weakness of a woman,
I am uneasy at your going to stay so long in town ;
I know its false insinuating pleasures ;
I know the force of its delusions ;
I know the strength of its attacks ;
I know the weak defence of nature ;
I know you are a man—and I—a wife.

Low. You know then all that needs to give you rest,
For wife's the strongest claim that you can urge.
When you would plead you title to my heart,
On this you may depend ; therefore be calm,
“ Banish your fears, for they are traitors to your peace ;
“ Beware of them, they are insinuating busy things,
“ That gossip to and fro, and do a world of mischief
“ Where they come : but you shall soon be mistress of
‘em all.

“ I'll aid you with such arms for their destruction,
“ They never shall erect their heads again.”
You know the business is indispensable, that obliges
Me to go to London, and you have no reason, that I

Know of, to believe that I 'm glad of the occasion :
“ For my honest conscience is my witness,
“ I have found a due succession of such charms
“ In my retirement here with you,
“ I have never thrown one roving thought that way.”
But since, against my will I 'm dragg'd once more
To that uneasy theatre of noise,
I am resolv'd to make such use on 't,
As shall convince you 't is an old cast mistress,
Who has been so lavish of her favours,
She 's now grown bankrupt of her charms,
And has not one allurements left to move me.

Aman. Her bow, I do believe, has grown so weak,
Her arrows, at this distance, cannot hurt you,
But in approaching 'em you give 'em strength :
The dart that has not far to fly,
Will put the best of armour to a dangerous trial.

Low. That trial past, you are at ease for ever ;
“ When you have seen the helmet prov'd,
“ You 'll apprehend no more him that wears it :”
Therefore to put a lasting period to your fears,
I am resolv'd, this once, to launch into temptation :
“ I 'll give you an essay of all my virtues ;”
My former boon companions of the bottle
Shall fairly try what charms are left in wine :
They shall hem me in,
Sing praises to their God, and drink his glory ;
Turn wild enthusiasts for his sake,
And beasts, to do him honour :
While I, a stubborn atheist,

Sullenly look on,
Without one reverend glass to his divinity.
That for my temperance :
Then for my constancy——

Aman. Ay, there take heed.

Lov. Indeed the danger 's small.

Aman. And yet my fears are great.

Lov. Why are you so timorous ?

Aman. Because you are so bold.

Lov. My courage should disperse your apprehensions.

Aman. My apprehensions should alarm your courage.

Lov. Fie, fie, Amanda, it is not kind thus to distrust
me.

Aman. And yet my fears are founded on my love.

Lov. Your love then is not founded as it ought ;
For if you can believe 't is possible
I should again relapse to my past follies,
I must appear to you a thing
Of such an undigested composition,
That but to think of me with inclination,
Would be a weakness in your taste,
Your virtue scarce could answer.

Aman. 'T would be a weakness in my tongue
My prudence could not answer,
If I should press you farther with my fears ;
I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

Lov. Nor shall they trouble you much longer,
A little time shall shew you they were groundless ;
This winter shall be the fiery trial of my virtues.
Which, when it once has past,

You 'll be convinc'd 'twas of no false allay,
There all your cares will end——

Aman. Pray Heaven they may. [*Exeunt hand in hand.*]

SCENE II.

Whitehall. Enter Young FASHION and LORY.

Y. Fash. Come, pay the waterman, and take the portmantle.

Lory. Faith, sir, I gave the waterman the portmantle, to pay himself.

Y. Fash. Why sure there 's something left in 't.

Lory. But a solitary old waistcoat, upon my honour, sir.

Y. Fash. Why, what 's become of the blue coat, sirrah?

Lory. Sir, 'twas eaten at Gravesend; the reckoning came to thirty shillings, and your privy-purse was worth but two half-crowns.

Y. Fash. 'T is very well.

“ *Enter Waterman.*

“ *Wat.* Pray, master, will you please to dispatch me?

“ *Y. Fash.* Ay, here a——Canst thou change me a guinea?

“ *Lory.* [*Aside.*] Good.

“ *Wat.* Change a guinea, master! Ha, ha, your honour 's pleased to compliment.

"Y. Fash. 'Egad I don't know how I shall pay thee then, for I have nothing but gold about me.

"Lorry. [*Aside.*]—Hum, hum.

"Y. Fash. What dost thou expect, friend?

"Wat. Why, master, so far against wind and tide, is richly worth half a piece.

"Y. Fash. Why, faith, I think thou art a good conscionable fellow. 'Egad, I begin to have so good an opinion of thy honesty, I care not if I leave my portmantle with thee, till I send thee thy money.

"Wat. Ha! God bless your honour; I should be as willing to trust you, master, but that you are, as a man may say, a stranger to me, and these are nimble times; there are a great many sharpeners stirring. [*Taking up the portmantle.*] Well, master, when your worship sends the money, your portmantle shall be forth-coming. My name is Tugg, my wife keeps a brandy-shop in Drab-Ally, at Wapping.

"Y. Fash. Very well; I'll send for't to-morrow.

"[*Exit Waterman.*"]

Lory. So—Now, sir, I hope you'll own yourself a happy man, you have out-lived all your cares.

Y. Fash. How so, sir?

Lory. Why, you have nothing left to take care of.

Y. Fash. Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

Lory. Sir, if you could but prevail with some body else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

Y. Fash. Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply myself, I have at present so little money, and so much humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a fool's advice.

Lory. Why then, sir, your fool advises you to lay aside all animosity, and apply to Sir Novelty your elder brother.

Y. Fash. Damn my elder brother.

Lory. With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity however.

Y. Fash. My annuity! 'Sdeath, he 's such a dog, he would not give his powder puff to redeem my soul.

Lory. Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Y. Fash. Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

Lory. Why, what will you do then?

Y. Fash. I'll go into the army.

Lory. You can't take the oaths; you are a Jacobite.

Y. Fash. Thou may'st as well say I can't take orders, because I'm an atheist.

"Lory. Sir, I ask your pardon; I find I did not know the strength of your conscience, so well as I did the weakness of your purse.

"Y. Fash. Methinks, sir, a person of your experience should have known, that the strength of the conscience proceeds from the weakness of the purse."

Lory. Sir, I am very glad to find you have a conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; "but I desire you'll please to consider, that

“the army alone will be but a scanty maintenance for
“a person of your generosity (at least as rents now
“are paid)” I shall see you stand in damnable need
of some auxiliary guineas for your *menu plaisirs*; I
will therefore turn fool once more for your service,
and advise you to go directly to your brother.

Y. *Fash*. Art thou then so impregnable a block-
head, to believe he'll help me with a farthing.

Lory. Not if you treat him, *de haut en bas*, as you
use to do.

Y. *Fash*. Why, how wouldst have me treat him?

Lory. Like a trout, tickle him.

Y. *Fash*. I can't flatter——

Lory. Can you starve?

Y. *Fash*. Yes——

Lory. I can't: good-by-t' ye, sir. [Going.

Y. *Fash*. Stay, thou wilt distract me. What
wouldst thou have me to say to him?

Lory. Say nothing to him; apply yourself to his fa-
vourites; speak to his periwig, his cravat, his feather,
his snuff-box, and when you are well with them——
desire him to lend you a thousand pounds. I'll en-
gage you prosper.

Y. *Fash*. 'Sdeath and furies! Why was that cox-
comb thrust into the world before me? Oh, Fortune—
Fortune—Thou art a bitch, by gad—— [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Dressing Room. Enter LORD FOPPINGTON in his Night-Gown.

L. Fop. Page——

Enter Page.

Page. Sir.

L. Fop. Sir! Pray, sir, do me the favour to teach your tongue the title the king has thought fit to honour me with.

Page. I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord.

L. Fop. Oh, you can pronounce the word, then. I thought it would have choaked you——Dy'e hear?

Page. My lord.

L. Fop. Call La Varole, I would dress—[*Exit Page.*]
Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality——Strike me dumb——My lord——your lordship——My Lord Foppington——*Ab! c'est quelque chose de beau, que le diable m'emporte*——Why, the ladies were ready to pewk at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir Novelty to recommend me to them——Sure, whilst I was but a knight, I was a very nauseous fellow——Well, 'tis ten thousand pawnd well given——stap my vitals——

Enter LA VAROLE.

La Var. Me lord, de shoemaker, de taylor, de ho-sier, de sempstress, de peruquier, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

L. Fop. 'Tis well, admit 'em.

La Var. Hey, messieurs, entrez.

Enter Taylor, &c.

L. Fop. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to shew yourselves masters in your professions.

Tay. I think I may presume to say, sir——

La Var. My lord—You clown you.

Tay. Why, is he made a lord?—My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon; my lord, I hope, my lord, your lordship will please to own, I have brought your lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes, as ever peer of England trod the stage in, my lord. Will your lordship please to try them now?

L. Fop. Ay; but let my people dispose the glasses so, that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all round——

[*Whilst he puts on his Clothes, enter YOUNG FASHION and LORY.*]

Y. Fash. Hey-day! what the devil have we here? Sure my gentleman's grown a favourite at court, he has got so many people at his levee.

Lor. Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at court; they are to establish him with the ladies.

Y. Fash. Good God! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of a laced coat to recommend a gallant to them——

Lor. Sir, taylors and periwig-makers are now be-

come the bawds of the nation ; 'tis they debauch all the women.

Y. Fash. Thou say'st true; for there's that fop now, has not, by nature, wherewithal to move a cook-maid ; and by that time these fellows have done with him, 'egad he shall melt down a countess——But now, for my reception : I engage it shall be as cold a one, as a courtier's to his friend, who comes to put him in mind of his promise.

L. Fop. [*To his Taylor.*] Death, and eternal tortures ! Sir, I say the packet's too high, by a foot.

Tay. My lord, if it had been an inch lower, it would not have held your lordship's pocket-handkerchief.

L. Fop. Rat my packet-handkerchief ! Have not I a page to carry it ? You may make him a packet up to his chin a purpose for it ; but I will not have mine come so near my face.

Tay. 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

Y. Fash. [*To Lory.*] His lordship, Lory ! Did you observe that ?

Lory. Yes, sir, I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, you 'll have a little more respect for him.

Y. Fash. Respect ! Damn him, for a coxcomb ; now has he ruined his estate to buy a title, that he may be a fool of the first rate. But let's accost him——[*To Lord Fop.*] Brother, I'm your humble servant.

L. Fop. Oh, lard, Tam ! I did not expect you in England. Brother, I'm glad to see you——[*Turn-*

ing to his Taylor.] Look you, sir, I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous packet; therefore, pray, get me another suit, with all manner of expedition; for this is my eternal aversion. Mrs. Callicoe, are not you of my mind?

Semp. Oh, directly, my lord! it can never be too low.

L. Fop. You are positively in the right on't; for the packet becomes no part of the body but the knee.

Semp. I hope your lordship is pleased with your steinkirk.

L. Fop. In love with it, stap my vitals. Bring your bill; you shall be paid to-morrow——

Semp. I humbly thank your honour. [*Exit Semp.*]

L. Fop. Hark thee, shoemaker; these shoes an't ugly; but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My lord, methinks, they fit you very well.

L. Fop. They hurt me just below the instep.

Shoe. [*Feeling his foot.*] My lord, they don't hurt you there.

L. Fop. I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. My lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

L. Fop. Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my trade——

L. Fop. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible coxcomb; but thou makest good shoes; and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My lord, I have worked for half the people of quality in town, these twenty years ; and 'tis very hard I should not know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

L. Fop. Well, pr'ythee, begone about thy business.

[*Exit Shoe.*

[*To the Hosier.*] Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you ; the calves of the stockings are thickened a little too much. They make my legs look like a chairman's.

Mend. My lord, methinks, they look mighty well.

L. Fop. Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am ; I have studied them all my life : therefore, pray, let the next be the thickness of a crawn piece less—[*Aside.*] If the town takes notice my legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the violence of some new intrigue—[*To the Periwig maker.*] Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the fatigue of the morning will be over.

“*Fore.* My lord, I have done what I defy any prince
“ in Europe to out-do ; I have made you a perriwig
“ so long, and so full of hair, it will serve you for a
“ hat and cloak in all weathers.

“*Lord Fop.* Then thou hast made me thy friend to
“ eternity. Come, comb it out.”

Y. Fash. Well, Lory, what dost think on't ? A very friendly reception for a brother, after three years absence !

Lor. Why, sir, 'tis your own fault ; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love. If you would creep into his heart, you must enter into his pleasures

—Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

Y. Fash. Nor never shall while they belong to a coxcomb.

Lor. Then, sir, you must be content to pick a hungry bone.

Y. Fash. No, sir, I'll crack it, and get to the marrow, before I have done.

“*Lord Fop.* Gad's curse! Mr. Foretop, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full perriwig?”

“*Fore.* Not a full one, my lord! I don't know what your lordship may please to call a full one; but I have crammed twenty ounces of hair into it.

“*L. Fop.* What it may be by weight, sir, I shall not dispute; but by tale, there are not nine hairs on a side.

“*Fore.* Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Why, as Gad shall judge me, your honour's side-face is reduced to the tip of your nose.

“*L. Fop.* My side-face may be in an eclipse, for ought I know; but I'm sure my full face is like the full-moon.

“*Fore.* Heaven bless my eye-sight! [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Sure I look through the wrong end of the perspective! for, by my faith, an't please your honour, the broadest place I see in your face, does not seem to me to be two inches diameter.

“*L. Fop.* If it did, it would be just two inches too broad; for a periwig to a man, should be like a mask to a woman, nothing should be seen but his eyes.

" *Fore.* My lord, I have done. If you please to
" have more hair in your wig, I'll put it in.

" *L. Fop.* Pasitively, yes.

" *Fore.* Shall I take it back now, my lord?

" *L. Fop.* No, I'll wear it to-day; though it shew
" such a manstrous pair of cheeks, stap my vitals, I
" shall be taken for a trumpeter. [Exit *Fore.*

" *Y. Fash.*" Now your people of business are gone,
brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's
audience of you.

L. Fop. Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me
at this time; for I must away to the house of lards
immediately: my Lady Teasor's case is'to come on to-
day, and I would not be absent for the salvation of
mankind. Hey, page! is the coach at the door?

Page. Yes, my lord.

L. Fop. You'll excuse me brother. [Going.

Y. Fash. Shall you be back at dinner?

L. Fop. As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for
't is passible I may dine with some of our house at
Lacket's.

Y. Fash. Shall I meet you there? For I must needs
talk with you.

L. Fop. That, I'm afraid, mayn't be so praper; for
the lards I commonly eat with, are a people of a nice
conversation: and you know, Tam, your education
has been a little at large: but if you'll stay here,
you'll find a family dinner. Hey, fellow! What is
there for dinner? There's beef. I suppose my bro-
ther will eat beef. Dear Tam I'm glad to see thee

in England, stap my vitals. [*Exit with his equipage.*]

Y. Fash. Hell and furies! is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, sir, I could have almost given him a knock o' the pate myself.

Y. Fash. 'Tis enough—I will now shew you the excess of my passion, by being very calm. Come, Lory, lay your loggerhead to mine, and, in cool blood, let us contrive his destruction.

Lory. Here comes a head, sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he would but join in the confederacy.

Enter COUPLER.

Y. Fash. By this light, old Coupler alive still!—Why, how now, match-maker; art thou here still, to plague the world with matrimony? You old bawd, how have you the impudence to be hobbling out of your grave, twenty years after you are rotten?

Coup. When you begin to rot, sirrah, you 'll go off like a pippin; one winter will send you to the devil.
“What mischief brings you home again? Ha! You
“young lascivious rogue you: let me put my hand
“into your bosom, sirrah.

“*Y. Fash.* Stand of, old Sodom.

“*Coup.* Nay, pr'ythee, now, don't be so coy.

“*Y. Fash.* Keep your hands to yourself, you old
“dog you, or I'll wring your nose off.

“*Coup.* Hast thou then been a year in Italy, and
“brought home a fool at last? By my conscience,
“the young fellows of this age profit no more by their

"*Fore.* My lord, I have done. If you please to
"have more hair in your wig, I'll put it in.

"*L. Fop.* Positively, yes.

"*Fore.* Shall I take it back now, my lord?

"*L. Fop.* No, I'll wear it to-day; though it shew
"such a manstrous pair of cheeks, stap my vitals, I
"shall be taken for a trumpeter. [*Exit Fore.*

"*Y. Fash.*" Now your people of business are gone,
brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's
audience of you.

L. Fop. Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me
at this time; for I must away to the house of lards
immediately: my Lady Teasor's case is to come on to-
day, and I would not be absent for the salvation of
mankind. Hey, page! is the coach at the door?

Page. Yes, my lord.

L. Fop. You'll excuse me brother. [*Going.*

Y. Fash. Shall you be back at dinner?

L. Fop. As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for
't is possible I may dine with some of our house at
Lacket's.

Y. Fash. Shall I meet you there? For I must needs
talk with you.

L. Fop. That, I'm afraid, may n't be so praper; for
the lards I commonly eat with, are a people of a nice
conversation: and you know, Tam, your education
has been a little at large: but if you'll stay here,
you'll find a family dinner. Hey, fellow! What is
there for dinner? There's beef. I suppose my bro-
ther will eat beef. Dear Tam I'm glad to see thee

in England, stap my vitals. [*Exit with his equipage.*]

Y. *Fash.* Hell and furies! is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, sir, I could have almost given him a knock o' the pate myself.

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“Coup. Nay, pr'ythee, now, don't be so coy.

“Y. *Fash.* Keep your hands to yourself, you old
“dog you, or I'll wring your nose off.

“Coup. Hast thou then been a year in Italy, and
“brought home a fool at last? By my conscience,
“the young fellows of this age profit no more by their

“going abroad, than they do by their going to church.
“Sirrah, sirrah, if you are not hanged before you
“come to my years, you’ll know a cock from a hen.”
But come, I’m still a friend to thy person, though I
have a contempt of thy understanding : and therefore
I would willingly know thy condition, that I may
see whether thou standest in need of my assistance ;
for widows swarm, my boy ; the town’s infested with
them.

Y. Fash. I stand in need of any body’s assistance,
that will help me to cut my elder brother’s throat,
without the risque of being hanged for him.

Coup. ‘Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him al-
most as good a turn, without the danger of being
burnt in the hand for it.

Y. Fash. Say’st thou so, old Satan? Shew me but
that, and my soul is thine.

“*Coup.* Pox o’ thy soul! give me thy warm body,
“sirrah; I shall have a substantial title to it, when
“I tell thee my project.

“*Y. Fash.* Out with it then, dear dad, and take
“possession as soon as thou wilt.

“*Coup.* Sayest thou so, my Hephestion? Why, then,
“thus lies the scene—But hold—who’s that? If we
“are heard, we are undone.

“*Y. Fash.* What have you forgot Lory?

“*Coup.* Who, trusty Lory, is it thee?

“*Lory.* At your service, sir.

“*Coup.* Give me thy hand, old boy. ‘Egad, I did
“not know thee again; but I remember thy honesty,

"though I did not thy face; I think thou hadst like
"to have been hanged once or twice for thy master.

Lery. Sir, I was very near once having that honour.

Coup. Well, live and hope; don't be discouraged;
"eat with him, and drink with him, and do what he
"bids thee, and it may be thy reward at last, as well as
"another's." [*To Y. Fash.*] Well, sir, you must know,
I have done you the kindness to make up a match for
your brother.

Y. Fash. I am very much beholden to you.

Coup. You may be, sirrah, before the wedding-day
yet; the lady is a great heiress, fifteen hundred
pounds a year, and a great bag of money; the match
is concluded, the writings are drawn, and the pipkin's
to be crack'd in a fortnight—Now, you must know,
stripling (with respect to your mother), your brother's
the son of a whore.

Y. Fash. Good.

Coup. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds
for helping him to this fortune, and has promised me
as much more, in ready money, upon the day of marriage;
which, I understand by a friend, he ne'er designs to pay me. If, therefore, you will be a generous
young dog, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll
be a covetous old rogue, and help you to the lady.

Y. Fash. 'Egad if thou canst bring this about, I'll
have thy statue cast in brass. But don't you dote,
you old pandar you, when you talk at this rate?

Coup. That your youthful parts shall judge of.—
This plump partridge, that I tell you of, lives in the

country, fifty miles off, with her honoured parents, in a lonely old house, which nobody comes near; she never goes abroad, nor sees company at home. To prevent all misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors; the parson of the parish teaches her to play on the bass-viol, the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance. In short, nobody can give you admittance there but I; nor can I do it any other way, than by making you pass for your brother.

Y. Fash. And how the devil wilt thou do that?

Coup. Without the devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole business has been managed by me, and all the letters go through my hands. The last that was writ to Sir Tunbelly Clumsey (for that 's the old gentleman's name) was to tell him, his lordship would be down in a fortnight, to consummate. Now, you shall go away immediately, pretend you writ that letter only to have the romantic pleasure of surprizing your mistress; fall desperately in love, as soon as you see her; make that your plea for marrying her immediately; and when the fatigue of the wedding-night's over, you shall send me a swinging purse of gold, you dog you.

Y. Fash. 'Egad, old dad, I'll put my hand in thy bosom now.

Coup. Ah, you young, hot, lusty thief, let me muzzle you. [*Kissing.*] Sirrah, let me muzzle you.

Y. Fash. Fsha! the old lecher——" [*Aside.*

Coup. Well, I'll warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now; no, one may see it in thy face.

Y. Fash. Not a souse, by Jupiter.

Coup. Must I advance then?—Well, sirrah, be at my lodgings in half an hour, and we'll see what may be done. We'll sign and seal, and eat a pullet; and when I have given thee some further instructions, thou shalt hoist sail, and begone—[*Kissing.*]—T'other buss; and so, adieu.

Y. Fash. Um—Psha!

Coup. Ah, you young warm dog you! what a delicious night will the bride have on't! [Exit *Coup.*]

Y. Fash. So, Lory, Providence, thou seest, at last takes care of men of merit. We are in a fair way to be great people.

Lor. Ay, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he uses to do.

Y. Fash. Why, faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd trick, to spoil my fortune; and, 'egad, I'm almost afraid he's at work about it again—now: but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

Lor. Indeed, sir, I should not.

Y. Fash. How dost know?

Lor. Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Y. Fash. No? What wouldst thou say if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design?

Lor. I would eat my words, and wonder more than ever.

Y. Fash. Why, faith, Lory, though I am a young rake-hell, and have played many a roguish trick, this

is so full grown a cheat, I find I must take pains to come up to it. I have scruples——

Lor. They are strong symptoms of death; if you find they increase, pray, sir, make your will.

Y. Fash. No, my conscience shan't starve me neither. But thus far I'll hearken to it; before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom; I'll speak to him with the temper of a philosopher; my reasons (though they press him home) shall yet be cloath'd with so much modesty, not one of all the truths they urge, shall be so naked to offend his sight. If he has yet so much humanity about him, as to assist me, (though with a moderate aid) I'll drop my project at his feet, and shew him how I can do for him, much more than what I ask he'd do for me.— This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make——

*Succeed or no, still victory's my lot;
If I subdue his heart, 't is well; if not,
I shall subdue my conscience to my plot.* [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter LOVELESS and AMANDA.

Loveless.

How do you like these lodgings, my dear? For my part, I am so well pleased with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay in town, if you are satisfied.

Aman. I am satisfied with every thing that pleases you ; else I had not come to town at all.

Lov. Oh, a little of the noise and bustle of the world sweetens the pleasures of retreat ! We shall find the charms of retirement doubled, when we return to it.

Aman. That pleasing prospect will be my chiefest entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I am obliged to stand surrounded with these empty pleasures, which 't is so much the fashion to be fond of.

Lov. I own most of them are, indeed, but empty ; nay, so empty, that one would wonder by what magic power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for their sakes ; yet some there are we may speak kindlier of ; there are delights, of which a private life is destitute, which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman. The conversation of the town is one ; and truly (with some small allowances), the plays, I think, may be esteemed another.

Aman. The plays, I must confess, have some small charms ; and would have more, would they restrain that loose, obscene encouragement to vice, which shocks, if not the virtue of some women, at least, the modesty of all.

Lov. But, till that reformation can be made, I would not leave the wholesome corn, for some intruding tares, that grow among it. Doubtless, the moral of a well-wrought scene is of prevailing force—Last night there happened one that moved me strangely.

Aman. Pray, what was that?

Lox. Why, 't was about—but 't is not worth repeating.

Aman. Yes, pray, let me know it.

Lox. No, I think 't is as well let alone.

Aman. Nay, now you make me have a mind to know.

Lox. 'T was a foolish thing. You'd, perhaps, grow jealous, should I tell it you, though without a cause, Heaven knows.

Aman. I shall begin to think I have cause, if you persist in making it a secret.

Lox. I'll then convince you you have none, by making it no longer so. Know, then, I happened, in the play, to find my very character, only with the addition of a relapse; which struck me so, I put a sudden stop to a most harmless entertainment, which, till then, diverted me between the acts: 't was to admire the workmanship of nature, in the face of a young lady, that sat at some distance from me; she was so exquisitely handsome——

Aman. So exquisitely handsome!

Lox. Why do you repeat my words, my dear?

Aman. Because you seemed to speak them with such pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their echo.

Lox. Then you are alarm'd, Amanda?

Aman. It is my duty to be so, when you are in danger.

Lox. You are too quick in apprehending for me. All will be well, when you have heard me out. I do confess I gazed upon her; nay, eagerly I gazed upon her.

Aman. Eagerly, that's with desire.

Lov. No, I desired her not. I viewed her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions.

Lov. I did take heed; for, observing in the play, that he who seemed to represent me there, was, by an accident like this, unwarily surprised into a net, in which he lay a poor entangled slave, and brought a train of mischiefs on his head, I snatched my eyes away; they pleaded hard for leave to look again; but I grew absolute, and they obeyed.

Aman. Were they the only things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your place, my tongue, I fancy had been curious too. I should have asked her name, and where she lived (yet still without design)—Who was she, pray?

Lov. Indeed, I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Lov. By all that's sacred then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what company was with her.

Lov. I do not.

Aman. Then I am calm again.

Lov. Why were you disturb'd?

Aman. Had I then no cause?

Lov. None, certainly.

Aman. I thought I had.

Lov. But you thought wrong, Amanda: for, turn the case, and let it be your story; should you come home, and tell me you had seen a handsome man, should I grow jealous, because you had eyes?

Aman. But should I tell you he were exquisitely so ; that I had gazed on him with admiration ; that I had looked with eager eyes upon him ; should you not think 't were possible I might go one step further, and enquire his name ?

Lov. [*Aside.*] She has reason on her side ! I have talked too much ; but I must turn it off another way. [*To Aman.*] Will you then make no difference, Amanda, between the language of our sex and your's ?—— There is a modesty restrains your tongues, which makes you speak by halves, when you commend ; but roving flattery gives a loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think. You should not, therefore, in so strict a sense, take what I said to her advantage.

Aman. “ Those flights of flattery, sir, are to our faces
“ only. When women once are out of hearing, you
“ are as modest in your commendations as we are.—
“ But I shan't put you to the trouble of further
“ excuses.” If you please, this business shall rest here. Only give me leave to wish, both for your peace and mine, that you may never meet this miracle of beauty more.

Lov. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, there is a young lady at the door, in a chair, desires to know whether your ladyship sees company. I think her name is Berinthia.

Aman. Oh, dear ! 't is a relation I have not seen these five years. Pray her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*]——

[To Lov.] Here's another beauty for you. She was young when I saw her last; but I hear she's grown extremely handsome.

Lov. Do n't be jealous, now; for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ha! By heavens, the very woman! [Aside.

Ber. [Saluting Amanda.] Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet with you in town.

Aman. Sweet cousin, I'm overjoyed to see you. [To Lov.] Mr. Loveless, here's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Lov. [Saluting Ber.] If my wife never desires a harder thing, madam, her request will be easily granted.

Ber. [To Amanda.] I think, madam, I ought to wish you joy.

Aman. Joy! upon what?

Ber. Upon your marriage. You were a widow when I saw you last.

Lov. You ought rather, madam, to wish me joy upon that, since I am the only gainer.

Ber. If she has got so good a husband as the world reports, she has gained enough to expect the compliment of her friends upon it.

Lov. If the world is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that title, I hope 't is so just to my wife, to own I derive it from her.

Ber. Sir, 't is so just to you both, to own you are, and deserve to be, the happiest pair that live in it.

Low. I'm afraid we shall loose that character, madam, whenever you happen to change your condition.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble service to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in town. He's at the next door; and, if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

Low. Lord Foppington!—I know him not.

Ber. Not his dignity, perhaps, but you do his person. 'Tis Sir Novelty; he has bought a barony, in order to marry a great fortune. His patent has not been passed above eight-and-forty hours, and he has already sent how do-ye's to all the town, to make them acquainted with his title.

Low. Give my service to his lordship, and let him know I am proud of the honour he intends me. [*Exit Ser.*] Sure this addition of quality must have so improved this coxcomb, he can't but be very good company for a quarter of an hour.

Aman. Now it moves my pity more than my mirth, to see a man whom nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

Low. No, there you are wrong, Amanda; you should never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your contempt; pity those whom nature abuses, but never those who abuse nature.

“ *Ber.* Besides, the town would be robbed of one
“ of its chiefest diversions, if it should become a
“ crime to laugh at a fool.

" *Aman.* I could never yet perceive the town inclined
 " to part with any of it's diversions, for the sake of
 " their being crimes ; but I have seen it very fond of
 " some, I think, had little else to recommend them.

" *Ber.* I doubt, Amanda, you are grown it's ene-
 " my, you speak with so much warmth against it.

" *Aman.* I must confess I am not much it's friend.

" *Ber.* Then give me leave to make you mine, by
 " not engaging in its quarrel.

" *Aman.* You have many stronger claims than that,
 " Berinthia, whenever you think fit to plead your
 " title.

" *Lov.* You have done well to engage a second,
 " my dear ; for here comes one will be apt to call you
 " to an account for your country principles."

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON.

L. Fop. [*To Lov.*] Sir, I am your most humble ser-
 vant.

Lov. I wish you joy, my lord.

L. Fop. Oh, lard, sir!—Madam, your ladyship's
 welcome to tawn.

Aman. I wish your lordship joy.

L. Fop. Oh, heavens, madam!—

Lov. My lord, this young lady is a relation of my
 wife's.

L. Fop. [*Saluting her.*] The beautifullest race of
 people upon earth, rat me. Dear Loveless, I am over-
 joyed to see you have brought your family to tawn
 again : I am, stap my vitals.—[*Aside.*] For I design

to lie with your wife—[*To Aman.*] Far Gad's sake, madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a country life?

Aman. My life has been very from that, my lord, it has been a very quiet one.

L. Fop. Why that's the fatigue I speak of, madam: for 't is impossible to be quiet, without thinking:—now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

Aman. Does not your lordship love reading then?

L. Fop. Oh, passionately, madam—But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why, can your lordship read without thinking?

L. Fop. Oh, lard—can your ladyship pray without devotion—Madam?

Aman. Well, I must own I think books the best entertainment in the world.

L. Fop. I am so much of your ladyship's mind, madam, that I have a private gallery, where I walk sometimes, is furnished with nothing but books and looking-glasses. Madam, I have gilded them and ranged them so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the world to walk and look upon them.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat library too; but 't is, I think, the inside of a book should recommend it most to us.

L. Fop. That, I must confess, I am not altogether so fond of: for to my mind the inside of a book, is to

entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now, I think, a man of quality and breeding, may be much diverted with the natural sprouts of his own. But to say the truth, madam, let a man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know this tawn, he finds so many better ways of passing away the four-and-twenty hours, that 'twere ten thousand pities he should consume his time in that. For example, madam, my life; my life, madam, is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through with such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of them. I rise, madam, about ten o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because 'tis the worst thing in the world for the complexion; not that I pretend to be a beau; but a man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he make so nauseous a figure in the side-box, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play. So at ten o'clock, I say, I rise. Now, if I find it a good day, I resolve to take a turn in the park, and see the fine women; so huddle on my clothes, and get dressed by one. If it be nasty weather, I take a turn in the chocolate house: where, as you walk, madam, you have the prettiest prospect in the world: you have looking glasses all around you——But I'm afraid I tire the company.

Ber. Not at all; pray go on.

L. Fop. Why then, ladies, from thence I go to dinner at Lacket's, and there you are so nicely and delicately served, that, stap my vitals, they can compose

you a dish, no bigger than a saucer, shall come to fifty shillings ; between eating my dinner, and washing my mouth, ladies, I spend my time, till I go to the play ; where, till nine o'clock, I entertain myself with looking upon the company ; and usually dispose of one hour more in leading them out. So there's twelve of the four and twenty pretty well over. The other twelve, madam, are disposed of in two articles : in the first four I toast myself drunk, and in t'other eight I sleep myself sober again. Thus, ladies, you see my life is an eternal raund O of delights.

Lov. 'Tis a heavenly one, indeed.

Aman. But, my lord, you beaux spend a great deal of your time in intrigues. You have given us no account of them yet.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] Soh, she would enquire into my amours——That's jealousy——She begins to be in love with me. [*To Aman.*] Why, madam——as to time for my intrigues, I usually make detachments of it from my other pleasures, according to exigency. Far your ladyship may please to take notice, that those who intrigue with women of quality, have rarely occasion for above half an hour at a time : people of that rank being under those decorums, they can seldom give you a larger view, than will just serve to shoot them flying. So that the course of my other pleasures is not very much interrupted by my amours.

Lov. But your lordship now is become a pillar of the state ; you must attend the weighty affairs of the nation.

L. Fop. Sir—as to weighty affairs—I leave them to weighty heads. I never intend mine shall be a burden to my body.

Low. Oh, but you'll find the house will expect your attendance.

L. Fop. Sir, you'll find the house will compound for my appearance.

Low. But your friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular causes.

L. Fop. Not, sir, if I come time enough to give them my particular vote.

Ber. But pray, my lord, how do you dispose of your self on Sundays? for that, methinks, should hang wretchedly on your hands.

L. Fop. Why faith, madam—Sunday—is a vile day, I must confess; I intend to move for leave to bring in a bill, that players may work upon it, as well as the hackney-coaches. Though this I must say for the government, it leaves us the churches to entertain us——But then again they begin so abominably early, a man must rise by candle-light to get dressed by the psalm.

Ber. Pray, which church does your lordship most oblige with your presence.

L. Fop. Oh, St. James's, madam—There's much the best company.

Aman. Is there good preaching too?

L. Fop. Why faith, madam—I can't tell. A man must have very little to do there, that can give an account of the sermon.

Ber. You can give us an account of the ladies, at least.

L. Fop. Or I deserve to be excommunicated— There is my Lady Tattle, and my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Leer, my Lady Giggle, and my Lady Grin: these sit in the front of the boxes, and all church-time are the prettiest company in the world, stap my vitals. [*To Aman.*] May not we hope for the honour to see your ladyship added to our society, madam?

Aman. Alas, my lord, I am the worst company in the world at church: I'm apt to mind the prayers, or the sermon, or——

L. Fop. One is indeed strangely apt at church to mind what one should not do. But I hope, madam, at one time or other, I shall have the honour to lead your ladyship to your coach there. [*Aside.*] Methinks she seems strangely pleased with every thing I say to her—'T is a vast pleasure to receive encouragement from a woman before her husband's face—I have a good mind to pursue my conquest, and speak the thing plainly to her at once—'Egad I'll do't, and that in so cavalier a manner, she shall be surprised at it—Ladies, I'll take my leave: I'm afraid I begin to grow troublesome with the length of my visit.

Aman. Your lordship is too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] That now was as much as if she had said—Pray lie with me. I'll let her see I'm quick of apprehension. [*To Aman.*] Oh, lord, ma-

dam, I had like to have forgot a secret, I must needs tell your ladyship. [*To Lov.*] Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

Lov. Not I, my lord; I'm too fashionable a husband to pry into the secrets of my wife.

L. Fop. [*To Aman. squeezing her hand.*] I am in love with you to desperation, strike me speechless.

Aman. [*Giving him a box o' the ear.*] Then thus I return your passion—An impudent fool!

L. Fop. Gad's curse, madam, I'm a peer of the realm.

Lov. Hey! what the devil do you affront my wife, sir? Nay, then—[*They draw and fight. The women run shrieking for help.*]

Aman. Ah! What has my folly done? "Help! "Murder! help!—Part them, for Heaven's sake."

L. Fop. [*Falling back, and leaning upon his sword.*] Ah—quite through the body—Stap my vitals.

Enter Servants.

Lov. [*Running to him.*] I hope I ha'n't killed the fool, however—Bear him up! Where's your wound?

L. Fop. Just through the guts.

Lov. Call a surgeon there: unbutton him quickly.

L. Fop. Ay, pray make haste.

Lov. This mischief you may thank yourself for.

L. Fop. I may so—Love's the devil, indeed, Ned.

Enter SYRINGE and Servant.

Serv. Here 's Mr. Syringe, sir, was just going by the door.

L. Fop. He's the welcomest man alive.

Syr. Stand by, stand by, stand by. Pray, gentlemen, stand by, Lord have mercy upon us! Did you never see a man run through the body before? Pray stand by.

L. Fop. Ah, Mr. Syringe—I'm a dead man.

Syr. A dead man, and I by—I should laugh to see that, 'egad.

Lov. Pr'ythee, don't stand prating, but look upon his wound.

Syr. Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir?

Lov. Why then he'll bleed to death, sir.

Syr. Why then I'll fetch him to life again, sir.

Lov. 'Slife, he's run through the guts, I tell thee.

Syr. Would he were run through the heart, I should get the more credit by his cure. Now I hope you are satisfied?—Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. [*Viewing his wound.*] Oons, what a gash is here!—Why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body.

L. Fop. Ho——

Syr. Why, what the devil have you run the gentleman through with a scythe?—[*Aside.*] A little prick between the skin and the ribs, that's all.

Lov. Let me see his wound.

Syr. Then you shall dress it, sir; for if any body looks upon it, I won't.

Lov. Why, thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever saw.

Syr. Sir, I am not master of my trade for nothing.

L. Fop. Surgeon!

Syr. Well, sir.

L. Fop. Is there any hopes?

Syr. Hopes!—I can't tell—What are you willing to give for your cure?

L. Fop. Five hundred paunds with pleasure.

Syr. Why then perhaps there may be hopes. But we must avoid further delay. Here, help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently, that's the properest place, [*Aside.*] to bubble him out of his money. Come, a chair, a chair quickly—There, in with him. [*They put him into a chair.*]

L. Fop. Dear Loveless—Adieu. If I die—I forgive thee; and if I live—I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am very sorry you and I should quarrel; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are satisfied—I am.

Low. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, sir.

L. Fop. Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb. [*Aside.*] But thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals.

Syr. So, carry him off, carry him off, we shall have him prate himself into a fever by and by; carry him off. [*Exit Servant with Lord Foppington.*]

Aman. Now on my knees, my dear, let me ask your pardon for my indiscretion, my own I never shall obtain.

Low. Oh, there's no harm done: you served him well.

Aman. He did indeed deserve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indiscreet resentment might have cost you.

Lo-v. Oh, no matter, never trouble yourself about that.

“*Ber.* For heaven’s sake, what was’t he did to you?”

“*Aman.* Oh, nothing; he only squeezed me kindly by the hand, and frankly offered me a coxcomb’s heart. I know I was to blame to resent it as I did, since nothing but a quarrel could ensue. But the fool so surprized me with his insolence, I was not mistress of my fingers.”

“*Ber.* Now I dare swear he thinks you had them at great command, they obeyed you so readily.”

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Save you, save you, good people; I’m glad to find you all alive; I met a wounded peer carrying off: for heaven’s sake what was the matter?

Lo-v. Oh, a trifle? he would have lain with my wife before my face, so she obliged him with a box of the ear, and I run him through the body: that was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all sides. But, pray, madam, how long has this noble lord been an humble servant of yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on’t. So, I suppose, ’tis his quality, more than his love, has brought him into this adventure. He thinks his title an authentic passport to every woman’s heart, below the degree of a peeress.

Wor. He's coxcomb enough to think any thing.— But I would not have you brought into trouble for him : I hope there's no danger of his life?

Lov. None at all : he's fallen into the hands of a roughish surgeon, who, I perceive, designs to frighten a little money out of him. But I saw his wound, 't is nothing ; he may go to the play to-night, if he pleases.

Wor. I'm glad you have corrected him without farther mischief. And now, sir, if these ladies have no farther service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the place I spoke to you of t' other day.

Lov. With all my heart. [*Aside.*] Though I could wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that creature. Good gods! how beautiful she is—But what have I to do with beauty? I have already had my portion, and must not covet more. Come, sir, when you please.

[*To Wor.*

Wor. Ladies, your servant.

Aman. Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go.

Lov. “ [*To Wor.*] I'll overtake you, sir.” What would my dear?

[*Exit Worthy.*

Aman. Only a woman's foolish question. How do you like my cousin here?

Lov. Jealous already, Amanda?

Aman. Not at all; I ask you for another reason.

Lov. [*Aside.*] Whate'er her reason be, I must not tell her true. [*To Aman.*] Why, I confess she's handsome. But you must not think I slight your kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the women who may

claim that character, she is the last would triumph in my heart.

Aman. I 'm satisfied.

Lov. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At night I will. Adieu.

Lov. I 'm yours. [*Kissing her.*] [*Exit Lov.*]

Aman. [*Aside.*] I 'm glad to find he does not like her; for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. [*To Ber.*] Now, dear Berinthia, let me enquire a little into your affairs: for I do assure you, I am enough your friend, to interest myself in every thing that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me such proofs on 't, I should be very much to blame to doubt it; I am sorry I have no secrets to trust you with, that I might convince you how entire a confidence I durst repose in you.

Aman. Why is it possible, that one so young and beautiful as you, should live and have no secrets?

Ber. What secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. O twenty; but not one secret one amongst 'em. Lovers in this age have too much honour to do any thing under-hand; they do all above-board.

Aman. That now, methinks, would make me hate a man.

“ *Ber.* But the women of the town are of another
“ mind: for by this means a lady may (with the ex-
“ pence of a few coquet glances) lead twenty fools
“ about in a string, for two or three years together.

“Whereas, if she should allow ’em greater favours
“and oblige them to secrecy, she would not keep one
“of ’em a fortnight.

“*Aman.* There ’s something indeed in that to satisfy
“the vanity of a woman; but I can’t comprehend
“how the men find their account in it.

“*Ber.* Their entertainment, I must confess, is a
“riddle to me: for there ’s very few of them ever get
“farther than a bow and an ogle. I have half a score
“for my share, who follow me all over the town; and
“at the play, the Park, and the church do (with their
“eyes) say the violent’st things to me—But I never
“hear any more of ’em.

“*Aman.* What can be the reason of that?

“*Ber.* One reason is, they don’t know how to go
“farther. They have had so little practice, they don’t
“understand the trade. But besides their ignorance,
“you must know, there is not one of my half-score
“lovers, but what follows half a score mistresses.
“Now their affections being divided amongst so many
“are not strong enough for any one, to make ’em
“pursue her to the purpose. Like a young puppy in
“a warren, they have a flirt at all, and catch none.

“*Aman.* Yet they seem to have a torrent of love to
“dispose of.

“*Ber.* They have so: but ’tis like the river of a
“modern philosopher (whose works, tho’ a woman, I
“have read) it sets out with a violent stream, splits
“in a thousand branches, and is all lost in the
“sands.

Aman. But do you think this river of love runs all its course without doing any mischief? Do you think it overflows nothing?

Ber. O yes; 'tis true, it never breaks into any body's ground that has the least fence about it; but overflows all the commons that lie in its way. And this is the utmost achievement of those dreadful champions in the field of love—the beau."

Aman. But pr'ythee, Berinthia, instruct me a little farther; for I am so great a novice, I 'm almost ashamed on 't. My husband's leaving me whilst I was young and fond, threw me into that depth of discontent, that ever since I have led so private and recluse a life, my ignorance is scarce conceivable. I therefore fain would be instructed: not (Heaven knows) that what you call intrigues have any charms for me: the practic part of all unlawful love is——

Ber. O 'tis abominable: but for the speculative; that, we must all confess, is entertaining. The conversation of all the virtuous women in the town turns upon that and new clothes.

Aman. Pray be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with a world of innocency I would enquire, whether you think those women we call women of reputation, do really 'scape all other men, as they do those shadows of 'em, the beaux.

Ber. O no, Amanda: there a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em: men that may be called, the beaux antipathy; for they agree in nothing but walking upon two legs. These have brains: the beau

has none. These are in love with their mistress: the beau with himself. They take care of her reputation: he's industrious to destroy it. They are decent: he's a fop. They are men: he's an ass.

Aman. If this be their character, I fancy we had here, e'en now a pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His Lordship and Mr. Worthy.

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the Lord he's eminently so: and for the other, I can assure you, there's not a man in the town who has a better interest with the women, that are worth having an interest with. But 'tis all private: "he's like a back-stair minister at court, "who, whilst the reputed favourites are sauntering in "the bed-chamber, is ruling the roast in the closet.

"*Aman.* He answers then the opinion I had ever of "him. Heaven's! what a difference there is between a "man like him, and that vain nauseous fop, Sir Novelty. "[*Taking her hand.*]" I must acquaint you with a secret, cousin; 'tis not that fool alone has talk'd to me of love, Worthy has been tampering too: 'tis true, he has done it in vain; nor all his charms or art have power to shake me. My love, my duty, and my virtue, are such faithful guards, I need not fear my heart should e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is this: I find I did not start at his proposal, as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. "I "therefore mention this attempt, that I may learn "from you whence it proceeds; that vice which cannot change its nature, should so far change at least

“ its shape, as that the self-same crime proposed
“ from one shall seem a monster gaping at your ruin,
“ when from another it shall look so kind, as tho’ it
“ were your friend, and never meant to harm you.”
Whence think you, can this difference proceed? For
‘tis not love, Heaven knows.

Ber. O no; I would not for the world believe it were. But possibly, should there a dreadful sentence pass upon you, to undergo the rage of both their passions; the pain you apprehend from one might seem so trivial to the other, the danger would not quite so much alarm you.

Aman. Fie, fie, Berinthia, you would indeed alarm me, could you incline me to a thought, that all the merit of mankind combined, could shake that tender love I bear my husband: no, he sits triumphant in my heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

“ *Ber.* But should he abdicate again, do you think
“ you should preserve the throne ten tedious winters
“ more, in hopes of his return?

“ *Aman.* Indeed I think I should. Tho’ I confess
“ after those obligations he has to me, should he abandon me once more, my heart would grow extremely
“ urgent with me to root him thence, and cast him
“ out for ever.”

Ber. Were I that thing they call a slighted wife, somebody should run the risk of being that thing they call—a husband.

Aman. O fie, Berinthia, no revenge should ever be taken against a husband: but to wrong his bed is a vengeance, which of all vengeance——

Ber. Is the sweetest, ha, ha, ha! Don't talk madly!

Aman. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent.

Aman. That I dare say you are. I know how to make allowances for your humour; you were always very entertaining company; but I find since marriage and widowhood have shewn you the world a little, you are very much improved.

Ber. [*Aside.*] Alack-a-day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if she knew all.

Aman. For Heaven's sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me?

Ber. Why, one way in the world there is——and but one.

Aman. Pray which is that?

Ber. It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en lie here to-night.

Ber. To-night?

Aman. Yes, to-night.

Ber. Why, the people where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, Amanda? Why then they shall think what they please: for I'm a young widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, Amanda! it's a delicious thing to be a young widow.

Aman. You 'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Phu, because you are in love with your husband: but that is not every woman's case.

Aman. I hope 't was yours at least.

Ber. Mine, say ye? Now I have a great mind to tell you a lie, but I should do it so awkwardly, you'd find me out.

Aman. Then e'en speak the truth.

Ber. Shall I?—Then, after all, I did love him, Amanda—as a nun does penance.

Aman. Why did you not refuse to marry him then?

Ber. Because my mother would have whipped me.

Aman. How did you live together.

Ber. like man and wife—asunder. He lov'd the country, I the town; he hawks and hounds, I coaches and equipage; he eating and drinking, I carding and playing; he the sound of a horn, I the squeak of a fiddle; we were dull company at table, worse a-bed: whenever we met, we gave one another the spleen; and never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Aman. But tell me one thing truly and sincerely.

“*Ber.* What's that?”

Aman. Notwithstanding all these jars, did not his death at last extremely trouble you?

Ber. O yes; “not that my present pangs were so “very violent, but the after-pains were intolerable.” I was forced to wear a beastly widow's band a twelvemonth for't.

Aman. Women, I find, have different inclinations.

Ber. Women, I find, keep different company.

When your husband run away from you, if you had fallen into some of my acquaintance, 'twould have sav'd you many a tear. But you go and live with a grandmother, a bishop, and an old nurse, which was enough to make any woman break her heart for her husband. Pray, Amanda, if ever you are a widow again, keep yourself so, as I do.

Aman. Why, do you then resolve you'll never marry?

Ber. O no; I resolve I will.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't. But I consider I'm a woman, and form my resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my opinion is, form what resolution you will, matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Aman. How do you know?

Ber. I'm sure on't.

Aman. Why, do you think 't is impossible for you to fall in love?

Ber. No.

Aman. Nay, but to grow so passionately fond, that nothing but the man you love can give you rest.

Ber. Well, what then?

Aman. Why, then you'll marry him.

Ber. How do you know that?

Aman. Why, what can you do else?

Ber. Nothing—but sit and cry.

Aman. Psha!

Ecr. Ah, poor Aminda, you have led a country life: but if you'll consult the widows of this town they'll tell you, you should never take a lease of a house you can hire for a quarter's warning. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON and Servant.

Lord Foppington.

HEY, fellow, let the coach come to the door.

Ser. Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather.

L. Fop. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can, to expose myself to the ladies: "though give me my cloak, however; for in that side-bax, what between the air that comes in at the door on one side, and the intolerable warmth of the masks on t'other, a man gets so many heats and colds, 't would destroy the constitution of a harse.

Ser. "[*Putting on his cloak.*]" I wish your lordship would please to keep house a little longer; I'm afraid your honour does not well consider your wound.

L. Fop. My wound! — I would not be in eclipse another day, though I had as many wounds in my guts as I have had in my heart.

Enter Young FASHION.

Y. Fash. Brother, your servant. How do you find yourself to-day?

L. Fop. So well, that I have order'd my coach to the door. So there's no great danger of death this bout, Tam.

Y. Fash. I'm very glad of it.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] That I believe's a lie. Pr'ythee, Tam, tell me one thing; did not your heart cut a caper up to your mauth, when you heard I was run through the bady?

Y. Fash. Why do you think it should?

L. Fop. Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my father was shat through the head.

Y. Fash. It then did very ill.

L. Fop. Pr'ythee, why so?

Y. Fash. Because he us'd you very well.

L. Fop. Well!—naw strike me dumb, he starv'd me. He has let me want a thousand women for want of a thousand paund.

Y. Fash. Then he hindered you from making a great many ill bargains; for I think no woman is worth money that will take money.

L. Fop. If I were a younger brother, I should think so too.

Y. Fash. Why is it possible you can value a woman that's to be bought?

L. Fop. Pr'ythee, why not as well as a pad-nag?

Y. Fash. Because a woman has a heart to dispose of; a horse has none.

L. Fop. Look you, Tam, of all things that belong to a woman, I have an aversion to her heart; far

when once a woman has given you her heart—you can never get rid of the rest of her body.

Y. *Fash*. This is strange doctrine: but pray in your amours how is it with your own heart?

L. *Fop*. Why, my heart in my amours—is like —my heart out of my amours; *à la glace*. My body, Tam, is a watch; and my heart is the pendulum to it; whilst the finger runs round to every hour in the circle, that still beats the same time.

Y. *Fash*. Then you are seldom much in love?

L. *Fop*. Never, stap my vitals.

Y. *Fash*. Why then did you make all this bustle about Amanda?

L. *Fop*. Because she was a woman of an insolent virtue, and I thought myself piqu'd in honour to debauch her.

Y. *Fash*. Very well. [*Aside.*] Here's a rare fellow for you, to have the spending of five thousand pounds a-year. But now for my business with him. [*To Lord Fop.*] Brother, though I know to talk of business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

L. *Fop*. The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the worse argument in the world for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but, strike me dumb, it has the worst beginning of any speech I have heard this twelve-month.

Y. *Fash*. I'm very sorry you think so.

L. Fop. I do believe thou art. But come, let's know thy affair quickly; for 'tis a new play, and I shall be so rumpled and squeezed with pressing through the crowd, to get to my servant, the women will think I have lain all night in my clothes.

Y. Fash. Why then (that I may not be the author of so great a misfortune) my case in a word is this.—The necessary expences of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent; so that unless you are so kind to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

L. Fop. Why faith, Tam—to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the world; for if you succeed, you are relieved that way; if you are taken—you are relieved t'other.

Y. Fash. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour, I hope I shall find the effects on't.

L. Fop. Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing I should give you five hundred pounds?

Y. Fash. I do not ask it as a due, brother, I am willing to receive it as a favour.

L. Fop. Thou art willing to receive it in any haw, strike me speechless. But these are damned times to give money in: taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and periwigs so dear, that the devil take me, I am reduced to that extremity, in my cash, I have been forc'd to retrench in that one article of sweet powder, till I have brought it down to

five guineas a manth. Now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred pounds ?

Y. *Fash.* If you can't I must starve, that's all. [*Aside.* Damn him.

L. *Fop.* All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

Y. *Fash.* 'Oons, if you can't live upon five thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred ?

L. *Fop.* Don't be in a passion, Tam ; far passion is the most unbecoming thing in the world—to the face. Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you melancholy ; but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a running horse does require more attendance than a coach-horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and I.

Y. *Fash.* Yes, she has made you older. [*Aside.*] Pox take her.

L. *Fop.* That is nat all, Tam.

Y. *Fash.* Why what is there else ?

L. *Fop.* [*Looking first upon himself, then upon his brother.*]*—Ask the ladies.*

Y. *Fash.* Why, thou essence bottle ! thou musk-cat ! dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me, but what fortune has given thee ?

L. *Fop.* I do—stap my vitals.

Y. *Fash.* Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the prince of coxcombs.

L. *Fop.* Sir—I am praud of being at the head of so prevailing a party.

Y. Fash. Will nothing then provoke thee?—
Draw, coward.

L. Fep. Look you, Tam, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishhest plats broke out, that I have seen a long time. Your paverly makes your life so burthensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run through the gun, to put an end to your pain. But I will disappoint you in both your designs; far with the temper of a philosopher, and the discretion of a statesman—I will go to the play with my sword in my scabbard. [Exit.]

Y. Fash. So! Farewell, snuff-box. And now, conscience, I defy thee. Lory!

Enter LORY.

Lory. Sir.

Y. Fash. Here's rare news, Lory; his lordship has given me a pill has purged off all my scruples.

Lory. Then my heart's at ease again. for I have been in a lamentable fright, sir, ever since your conscience had the impudence to intrude into your company.

Y. Fash. Be at peace, it will come there no more: my brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kicked it down stairs. So run away to the inn: get the horses ready quickly, and bring them to old Coupler's, without a moment's delay.

Lory. Then, sir, you are going straight about the fortune.

Y. Fash. I am : away ; fly, Lory.

Lory. The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already.
[*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE II.

A Garden. Enter LOVELESS and a Servant.

Low. Is my wife within ?

Serv. No, sir, she has been gone out this half hour.

Low. 'Tis well ; leave me.

- " Sure, Fate has yet some business to be done,
" Before Amanda's heart and mine must rest ;
" Else, why amongst those legions of her sex,
" Which throng the world,
" Should she pick out for her companion
" The only one on earth
" Whom Nature hath endowed for her undoing ?
" Undoing was't, I said——Who shall undo her ?
" Is not her empire fix'd ? Am I not hers ?
" Did she not rescue me, a groveling slave,
" When chain'd and bound by that black tyrant vice,
" I labour'd in its vilest drudgery ?
" Did she not ransom me, and set me free ?
" Nay more :
" When by my follies sunk
" To a poor tatter'd, despicable beggar,
" Did she not lift me up to envy'd fortune,
" Give me herself, and all that she possest,
" Without a thought of more return,
" Than what a poor repenting heart might make her ?

- " Han't she done this ? and if she has,
 " Am I not strongly bound to love her for it ?
 " To love her—Why, do I not love her then ?
 " By earth and heaven I do.
 " Nay, I have demonstration that I do :
 " For I would sacrifice my life to serve her.
 " Yet hold—if laying down my life
 " Be demonstration of my love,
 " What is 't I feel in favour of Berinthia ?
 " For should she be in danger, methinks, I could in-
 cline
 " To risk it for her service too ; and yet I do not love
 her.
 " How then subsists my proof?——
 " O, I have found it out.
 " What I would do for one, is demonstration of my
 " love ; and if I'd do as much for t'other, it there is
 " demonstration of my friendship——Ay——it
 " must be so. I find I'm very much her friend.—
 " Yet let me ask myself one puzzling question more :
 " Whence springs this mighty friendship all at once ?
 " For our acquaintance is of a later date. Now friend-
 " ship's said to be a plant of tedious growth, its root
 " composed of tender fibres, nice in their taste, cau-
 " tious in spreading, checked with the least corruption
 " in the soil, long ere it take, and longer still ere it ap-
 " pear to do so : whilst mine is in a moment shot so high,
 " and fixed so fast, it seems beyond the power of storms
 " to shake it. I doubt it thrives too fast." [*Musing.*

Enter BERINTHIA.

—Ah, she here!—Nay, then take heed, my heart, for there are dangers towards.

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, sir? I hope you are not ill.

Low. I was debating, madam, whether I was so or not; and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a matter to decide? I thought all people had been acquainted with their own bodies, though few people know their own minds.

Low. What if the distemper I suspect be in the mind.

Ber. Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a cure.

Low. Alas! you undertake you know not what.

Ber. So far at least then allow me to be a physician.

Low. Nay, I'll allow you so yet farther: for I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your hands, you would increase my distemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have reasons from the college not to be too quick in your cure; for 'tis possible, I might find ways to give you often ease, sir.

Low. Were I but sure of that, I'd quickly lay my case before you.

Ber. Whether you are sure of it or no, what risk do you run in trying?

Low. O, a very great one.

Ber. How?

Low. You might betray my distemper to my wife.

Ber. And so lose all my practice.

Low. Will you then keep my secret ?

Ber. I will, if it don't burst me.

Low. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Low. By what ?

Ber. By woman.

Low. That's swearing by my deity. Do it by your own, or I shan't believe you.

Ber. By man, then.

Low. I'm satisfied. Now hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The first were these :

When 't was my chance to see you at the play,
A random glance you threw, at first alarm'd me,
I could not turn my eyes from whence the danger came ;
I gazed upon you, till you shot again,
And then my fears came on me ;
My heart began to pant, my limbs to tremble,
My blood grew thin, my pulse beat quick,
My eyes grew hot and dim, and all the frame of nature
Shook with apprehension.

'T is true, some small recruits of resolution
My manhood brought to my assistance,
And by their help I made a stand awhile,
But found at last your arrows flew so thick,
They could not fail to pierce me ;
So left the field,

And fled for shelter to Amanda's arms.

What think you of these symptoms, pray ?

Ber. Feverish every one of 'em.

But what relief pray did your wife afford you ?

Low. Why “instantly she let me blood which,” for the present much assuaged my flame. But when I saw you, out it burst again, and raged with greater fury than before. Nay, since you now appear, ’tis so increased, that in a moment, if you do not help me, I shall, whilst you look on, consume to ashes.

[*Taking hold of her hand.*]

Ber. [*Breaking from him.*] O, lard, let me go; ’tis the plague, and we shall all be infected.

Low. [*Catching her in his arms, and kissing her.*] Then we’ll die together, my charming angel.

Ber. O, ged—the devil’s in you. Lord, let me go, here’s somebody coming.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my lady “is come home, and” desires to speak with you; she’s in her chamber.

Low. Tell her, I’m coming. [*Exit Ser.*]

But before I go, one glass of nectar more to drink her health.

Ber. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by Heavens.

Low. [*Kissing her.*] In matters of love, a woman’s oath is no more to be minded than a man’s.

Ber. Um——

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Ha! what’s here? my “old” mistress, and so close, i’faith! I would not spoil her sport for the universe.

[*He retires.*]

Ber. O, ged——Now do I pray to Heaven, [*Exit*

Loveless, *running.*] with all my heart and soul, that the devil in hell may take me, if ever—I was better pleased in my life—This man has bewitched me, that's certain. [*Sighing.*] “ Well, I am condemned, but “ thanks to Heaven, I feel myself each moment more “ and more prepared for my execution. Nay, to that “ degree, I don't perceive I have the least fear of “ dying. No, I find, let the executioner be but a man, “ and there's nothing will suffer with more resolution “ than a woman. Well, I never had but one intrigue “ yet; but, I confess, I long to have another. Pray “ Heaven it end as the first did though, that we may “ both grow weary at a time; for 't is a melancholy “ thing for lovers to outlive one another.”

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. [*Aside.*] This discovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy use on't. That gentlewoman there is no fool; so I shall be able to make her understand her interest. [*To Ber.*] Your servant, madam; I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a colour.

Ber. No better than I used to have, I suppose.

Wor. A little more blood in your cheeks.

Ber. The weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a woman may have a colour.

Ber. What do you mean by that?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you smile then?

Wor. Because the weather's hot.

Ber. You 'll never leave roguing, I see that.

Wor. [*Putting his finger to his nose.*] You 'll never leave—I see that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagine what you drive at. Pray tell me what you mean?

Wor. Do you tell me, it 's the same thing?

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Guess!

Ber. I shall guess wrong.

Wor. Indeed you won't.

Ber. Psha! either tell, or let it alone.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But first I must put you in mind, that after what has passed 'twixt you and I, very few things ought to be secrets between us.

Ber. Why, what secrets do we hide? I know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and t'other you would hide from me. You are fond of Loveless, which I have discovered, and I am fond of his wife——

Ber. Which I have discovered.

Wor. Very well, now I confess your discovery to be true: what do you say to mine?

Ber. Why, I confess——I would swear 'twere false, if I thought you were fool enough to believe me.

“*Wor.* Now am I almost in love with you again.

“Nay, I don't know but I might be quite so, had I

“made one short campaign with Amanda. Therefore

“if you find 't would tickle your vanity, to bring me

“down once more to your lure, e’en help me quickly
“to dispatch her business, that I may have nothing
“else to do, but to apply myself to yours.

“*Ber.* Do you then think, sir, I am old enough to
“be a bawd?”

Wor. “No,” but I think you are wise enough to—

Ber. To do what?

Wor. To hoodwink Amanda with a gallant, that she
may n’t see who is her husband’s mistress.

Ber. [*Aside.*] He has reason: the hint’s a good one.

Wor. Well, madam, what think you on’t?

Ber. I think you are so much a deeper politician in
these affairs than I am, that I ought to have a very
great regard to your advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in mind that
the most easy, safe, and pleasant situation for your
own amour, is the house in which you now are; pro-
vided you keep Amanda from any sort of suspicion.—
That the way to do that, is to engage her in an in-
trigue of her own, making yourself her confident.
And the way to bring her to intrigue, is to make her
jealous of her husband in a wrong place; which the
more you foment, the less you’ll be suspected. This
is my scheme, in short; which if you follow, as you
should do, my dear Berinthia, we may all four pass the
winter very pleasantly.

“*Ber.* Well, I could be glad to have no body’s sins
“to answer for but my own. But where there is a
“necessity——

“*Wor.* Right, as you say, where there is a neces-

"sity, a Christian is bound to help his neighbour." So, good Berinthia, lose no time, but let us begin the dance as fast as we can.

Ber. Not till the fiddles are in tune, pray sir.—
"Your lady's strings will be very apt to fly, I can tell you that, if they are wound up too hastily. But if you'll have patience to skrew them to a pitch by degrees, I don't doubt but she may endure to be played upon."

Wor. Ay, and will make admirable music too, or "I'm mistaken;" but have you had no private closet discourse with her yet about males and females, and so forth, which may give you hopes in her constitution! for I know her morals are the devil against us.

Ber. I have had so much discourse with her, that I believe were she once cured of her fondness to her husband, the fortress of her virtue would not be so impregnable as she fancies.

Wor. What! she runs, I'll warrant you, into that common mistake of fond wives, who conclude themselves virtuous, because they can refuse a man they do n't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and therefore I think 't is a presumptuous thing in a woman to assume the name of virtuous, till she has heartily hated her husband, and been soundly in love with somebody else; whom, if she has withstood—then—much good may it do her.

Wor. Well, so much for her virtue. Now, one word of her inclinations, and every one to their post. What opinion do you find she has of me?

Ber. What you could wish ; she thinks you handsome and discreet.

Wor. Good, that 's thinking half-seas over. One tide more brings us into port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, though still remember there 's a difficult bar to pass.

Wor. I know there is, but I don't question I shall get well over it, by the help of such a pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your pilot, she 'll do the best she can ; so weigh anchor and be gone as soon as you please.

Wor. I 'm under sail already. Adieu. [*Exit Wor.*]

Ber. [*Alone.*] *Bon voyage.* So, here 's fine work.—What a business have I undertaken ? I 'm a very pretty gentlewoman, truly ; but there was no avoiding it : he 'd have ruined me if I had refused him. “ Besides, “ faith, I begin to fancy there may be as much pleasure “ in carrying on another body's intrigue, as one's own. “ This at least is certain ; it exercises almost all the “ entertaining faculties of a woman : for there 's employment for hypocrisy, invention, deceit, flattery, “ mischief, and lying.”

Enter AMANDA, her Woman following her.

Wom. If you please, madam, only to say, whether you 'll have me buy them or not.

Aman. Yes ; no ; go fiddle ; I care not what you do. Pr'ythee leave me.

“ *Wom.* I have done.”

[*Exit Woman.*]

Ber. What in the name of Jove's the matter with you?

Aman. The matter, Berinthia! I'm almost mad, I'm plagued to death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Aman. Who do you think should plague a wife but her husband?

Ber. Oh, ho, is it come to that? We shall have you wish yourself a widow by and by.

Aman. Would I were any thing but what I am; a base ungrateful man, after what I have done for him, to use me thus!

Ber. What, he has been ogling now, I'll warrant you?

Aman. Yes, he has been ogling.

Ber. And so you are jealous? is that all?

Aman. That all! is jealousy then nothing!

Ber. It should be nothing, if I were in your case.

Aman. Why, what would you do?

Ber. I'd cure myself.

Aman. How?

Ber. "Let blood in the fond vein:" care as little for my husband, as he did for me.

Aman. That would not stop his course.

Ber. Nor nothing else, when the wind's in the warm corner. Look you, Amanda, you may build castles in the air, "and fume, and fret, and grow thin
"and lean, and pale and ugly, if you please." But I tell you, no man worth having is true to his wife, or can be true to his wife, or ever was, or ever will be so.

Aman. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did not suspect him.

Ber. Think so! I know he's so.

Aman. Is it possible? Pray tell me what you know?

Ber. Don't press me then to name names; for that I have sworn I won't do.

Aman. Well, I won't; but let me know all you can without perjury.

Ber. I'll let you know enough to prevent any wise woman's dying of the pip; and, I hope, you'll pluck up your spirits, and shew, upon occasion, you can be as good a wife as the best of them.

Aman. Well, what a woman can do I'll endeavour.

Ber. Oh, a woman can do a great deal, if once she sets her mind to it. Therefore, pray don't stand trifling any longer, and teasing yourself with this and that, and your love and your virtue, and I know not what: but resolve to hold up your head, get a tiptoe, and look over them all; for, to my certain knowledge, your husband is a pickeering elsewhere.

Aman. You are sure on't?"

Ber. Positively; he fell in love at the play.

Aman. Right, the very same; do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. Yes, I know her well enough; but she's no such ugly thing neither.

Aman. Is she very handsome?

Ber. Truly I think so.

Aman. Heigho!

Ber. What do you sigh for now?

Aman. Oh, my heart!

Ber. [*Aside.*] Only the pangs of nature! she's in labour of her love; heaven send her a quick delivery, "I'm sure she has a good midwife.

Aman. "I'm very ill, I must go to my chamber. Dear Berintha, don't leave me a moment.

Ber. No, don't fear. [*Aside.*] I'll see you safe brought to bed, I'll warrant you.

[*Exit Amanda leaning upon Berintha.*]

SCENE III.

A Country House. Enter Young FASHION and LORY.

Y. Fash. So, here 's our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get into possession. But, methinks, the seat of our family looks like Noah's ark, as if the chief part on't were designed for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

Lory. Pray, sir, do n't let your head run upon the orders of building here; get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

Y. Fash. Get but the house, let the devil take the heiress, I say; at least if she be as old Coupler describes her. But come, we have no time to squander. Knock at the door. [*Lory knocks two or three times.*] What the devil, have they got no ears in this house? Knock harder.

Lory. 'Egad, sir, this will prove some enchanted

castle; we shall have the giant come out by and by with his club, and beat our brains out. [*Knocks again.*]

Y. *Fash.* Hush; they come.

From within. Who is there?

Lory. Open the door and see: is that your country breeding?

From within. Ay, but two words to a bargain: Tummis, is the blunderbuss primed?

Y. *Fash.* 'Oons, give them good words, Lory; we shall be shot here a fortune-catching.

Lory. 'Egad, sir, I think you are in the right on 't. Ho, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um.—[*Servant appears at the window with a blunderbuss.*]

Ser. Weal naw, what 's yare business.

Y. *Fash.* Nothing, sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

Ser. To weat upon Sir Tunbelly? Why, you 'll find that 's just as Sir Tunbelly pleases.

Y. *Fash.* But will you do me the favour, sir, to know whether Sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

Ser. Why, look you, do you see, with good words much may be done. Ralph, go thy waes, and ask Sir Tunbelly, if he pleases to be waited upon. And do'st hear? Caull to nurse, that she may lock up Miss Hoyden before the geat's open.

Y. *Fash.* D'ye hear that, Lory?

"Lory. Ay, sir, I 'm afraid we shall find a difficult job on 't. Pray Heaven, that old rogue, Coupler, "han't sent us to fetch milk out of the gun-room.

" Y. Fash. I'll warrant thee all will go well ; see,
" the door opens."

*Enter Sir TUNBELLY, with his Servants armed with
guns, clubs, pitchforks, scythes, &c.*

" Lory. [*Running behind his master.*] Oh, lord, oh,
" lord, oh, lord, we are both dead men.

" Y. Fash. Take heed, fool ; thy fear will ruin us.

" Lory. My fear, sir ; sdeath, sir, I fear nothing.

" [*Aside.*] Would I were well up to the chin in a
" horse-pond."

Sir Tun. Who is it here has any business with me ?

Y. Fash. Sir, 't is I, if your name be Sir Tunbelly
Clumsey.

Sir Tun. Sir, my name is Sir Tunbelly Clumsey,
whether you have any business with me or not. So
you see I am not ashamed of my name—nor my face,
neither.

Y. Fash. Sir, you have no cause that I know of.

Sir Tun. Sir, if you have no cause, neither, I desire
to know who you are ; for till I know your name, I
shall not ask you to come into my house, and when I
know your name, 't is six to four I do n't ask you nei-
ther.

Y. Fash. [*Giving him a letter.*] Sir, I hope you'll
find this letter an authentic passport.

Sir Tun. Cod's my life, I ask your lordship's par-
don ten thousand times. [*To his servants.*] Here, run
in doors quickly ; get a Scotch-coal fire in the great
parlour ; set all the Turkey-work chairs in their

places: get the great brass candlesticks out, and be sure stick the sockets full of laurel: run. [*Turning to Young Fashion.*] My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon. [*To other servants.*] And do you hear, run away to nurse, bid her let Miss Hoyden loose again; and, if it was not shifting day, let her put on a clean tucker, quick. [*Exeunt Servants confusedly.*] [*To Young Fashion.*] I hope your honour will excuse the disorder of my family, we are not used to receive men of your lordship's great quality every day. Pray where are your coaches and servants, my lord?

Y. *Fash.* Sir, that I might give you and your fair daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer a kin to you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came away post with only one servant.

Sir *Tun.* Your lordship does me too much honour. It was exposing your person to too much fatigue and danger, I protest it was; but my daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends she can; and though I say it, that should not say it—Hoyden has charms.

Y. *Fash.* Sir, I am not a stranger to them, though I am to her. Common fame has done her justice.

Sir *Tun.* My lord, I am common fame's very grateful humble servant. My lord—my girl's young: Hoyden is young, my lord; but this I must say for her, what she wants in art, she has by nature; what she wants in experience she has in breeding; and what's wanting in her age, is made good in her con-

stitution. So, pray, my lord, walk in; pray, my lord, walk in.

Y. *Fasb.* Sir, I wait upon you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Miss HOYDEN.

Miss *Hoy*. Sure never no body was used as I am. I knew well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool of me: it's well I have a husband a coming, or, I-cod, I'd marry the baker, I would so. No body can knock at the gate, but presently I must be locked up; and here's the young greyhound bitch can run loose about the house all the day long, she can; 't is very well.

Nurse. [*Without, opening the door.*] Miss *Hoyden*, Miss, Miss, Miss; Miss *Hoyden*.

Enter Nurse.

Miss *Hoy*. Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha! What do you din a body's ears for? Can't one be at quiet for you.

Nurse. What do I din your ears for? Here's one come will din your ears for you.

Miss *Hoy*. What care I who comes; I care not a fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I must be locked up like the ale cellar.

Nurse. That, miss, is for fear you should be drank before you are ripe.

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, don't you trouble your head about that: I'm as ripe as you, though not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well; now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my lord to-night.

Miss Hoy. My lord! Why, is my husband come?

Nurse. Yes, marry is he, and a goodly person too.

Miss Hoy. [*Hugging Nurse.*] Oh, my dear nurse, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again—no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

Nurse. Ah, the poor thing! see how it melts; it's as full of good-nature as an egg's full of meat.

Miss Hoy. But, my dear nurse, don't lie now; is he come by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly is he.

Miss Hoy. Oh, lord! I'll go and put on my laced smock, though I'm whipped till the blood run down my heels for't. [*Exit running.*]

Nurse. Eh—the Lord succour thee, how thou art delighted? [*Exit after her.*]

“ Enter Sir TUNBELLY, and Young FASHION.

A Servant *with wine.*

“ Sir Tun. My lord, I'm proud of the honour to see your lordship within my doors: and I humbly crave leave to bid you welcome in a cup of sack wine.

“ Y. Fash. Sir, to your daughter's health. [*Drinks.*]

“ Sir Tun. Ah, poor girl! she'll be scared out of her wits on her wedding night; for, honestly speaking, she does not know a man from a woman, but by his beard and his breeches.

“ Y. *Fash*. Sir, I don’t doubt she has had a virtuous education, which, with the rest of her merit, makes me long to see her mine. I wish you would dispense with the canonical hour, and let it be this very night.

“ Sir *Tun*. Oh, not so soon neither; that’s shooting my girl before you bid her stand. No, give her fair warning, we’ll sign and seal to-night if you please; and this day seven-night—let the jade look to her quarters.

“ Y. *Fash*. This day seven night—Why, what do you take me for a ghost, sir? ‘Slife, sir, I’m made of flesh and blood, and bones and sinews, and can no more live a week without your daughter—than I can live a month with her. [*Aside*.

“ Sir *Tun*. Oh, I’ll warrant you, my hero: young men are hot, I know, but they don’t boil over at that rate, neither; besides, my wench’s wedding gown is not come home yet.

“ Y. *Fash*. Oh, no matter, sir, I’ll take her in her shift. [*Aside*.] A pox of this old fellow, he’ll delay the business till my damn’d star finds me out, and discovers me. [*To Sir Tun*] Pray, sir, let it be done without ceremony, ’t will save money.

“ Sir *Tun*. Money—Save money when Ho, den’s to be married? Udswoons, I’ll give my wench a wedding dinner, though I go to grass with the king of Assyria for’t, and such a dinner it shall be, as is not to be cooked in the poaching of an egg.—Therefore, my noble lord, have a little patience,

“ we’ll go and look over our deeds and settlements
“ immediately; and as for your bride, though you
“ may be sharp-set before she’s quite ready, I’ll en-
“ gage for my girl, she stays your stomach at last.

[*Exeunt.*”]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

Nurse.

WELL, Miss, how do you like your husband that is to be?

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, lord, nurse, I’m so overjoyed, I can scarce contain myself.

Nurse. Oh, but you must have a care of being too fond; for men now a-days hate a woman that loves them.

Miss *Hoy*. Love him! Why do you think I love him, nurse? I-cod I would not care if he were hanged so I were but once married to him—No—that which pleases me, is to think what work I’ll make when I get to London; for when I am a wife and a lady both, nurse, I-cod I’ll flant it with the best of them.

Nurse. Look, look, if his honour be not a coming to you; now if I were sure you would behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I’d leave you alone together.

H iij

Miss *Hoy*. That's my best nurse, do as you would be done by; trust us together this once, and if I don't shew my breeding from the head to the foot of me, may I be twice married and die a maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you; but if you disparage me——

Miss *Hoy*. Never fear, I'll shew him my parts, I'll warrant him. [*Exit Nurse.*] These old women are so wise when they get a poor girl into their clutches; but ere it be long, I shall know what's what as well as the best of them.

Enter Young FASHION.

Y. *Fash*. Your servant, madam, I'm glad to find you alone; for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss *Hoy*. Sir, (my lord, I meant) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

Y. *Fash*. You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in a few words, what I think both for your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, has resolved to make me happy in being your husband, and I hope I may depend upon your consent, to perform what he desires.

Miss *Hoy*. Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing but eating of green gooseberries.

Y. *Fash*. So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife; I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence

of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

Miss *Hoy*. Pray, my lord, how long is that?

Y. *Fash*. Madam, a thousand year—a whole week.

Miss *Hoy*. A week——why, I shall be an old woman by that time.

Y. *Fash*. And I an old man, which you'll find a greater misfortune than t'other.

Miss *Hoy*. Why I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up; I'm sure nurse told me so.

Y. *Fash*. And it shall be to-morrow morning still, if you'll consent.

Miss *Hoy*. If I consent! Why, I thought I was to obey you as my husband.

Y. *Fash*. That's when we are married; till then I am to obey you.

Miss *Hoy*. Why then, if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing. I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

Y. *Fash*. With all my heart. But I doubt we must get nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the chaplain.

Miss *Hoy*. No more we shan't, indeed; for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and would always be a preaching to her by his good will.

Y. *Fash*. Why, then, my dear little bedfellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, lord! I can tell you a way to persuade her to any thing.

Y. *Fash*. How 's that?

Miss *Hoy*. Why, tell her she's a wholesome, comely woman, and give her half-a-crown.

Y. *Fash*. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of them.

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, Gemini! for half that she 'd marry you herself. I 'll run and call her. [*Exit*.

Y. *Fash*. So, matters go swimmingly; this is a rare girl, i' faith. I shall have a fine time of it with her at London. "I'm much mistaken, if she do n't prove
" a March hare all the year round. What a scam-
" pering chace will she make on 't, when she finds
" the whole kennel of beaus at her tail! Hey to the
" park and the play, and the church, and the devil!
" She 'll shew them sport, I 'll warrant them." But no matter; she brings an estate will afford me a separate maintenance.

Enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

How do you do, good Mistress Nurse? I desired your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and conduct in her education. Pray, accept of this small acknowledgement for it at present; and depend upon my farther kindness, when I shall be that happy thing her husband.

Nurse. [*Aside.*] Gold, by mackins! Your honour's goodness is too great. Alas! all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good milk, and so your honour would have said, an you had seen how the poor thing suck'd

it—Eh, God's blessing on the sweet face on 't; how it used to hang at this poor teat, and suck, and squeeze, and kick, and sprawl, it would, till the belly on 't was so full, it would drop off like a leech.

Miss Hoy. [*To Nurse, taking her angrily aside.*] Pray, one word with you; pry'thee nurse, don't stand ripping up old stories, to make one ashamed before one's love. Do you think such a fine proper gentleman as he is, cares for a fiddlecome tale of a draggle-tail'd girl? If you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. [*To Y. Fash.*] I hope your honour will excuse my mismanners to whisper before you; it was only to give some orders about the family.

Y. Fash. Oh, every thing, madam, is to give way to business! besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss Hoy. Pray, sir, are young ladies good housewives at London-town? Do they darn their own linen?

Y. Fash. Oh, no! they study how to spend money, not to save it.

Miss Hoy. I'cod, I don't know but that may be better sport than t'other, ha, nurse!

Y. Fash. Well, you shall have your choice, when you come there.

Miss Hoy. Shall I——Then, by my troth, I'll get there as fast as I can—[*To Nurse.*] His honour desires you'll be so kind as to let us be married to-morrow.

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear madam!

Y. Fash. Yes, to-morrow, sweet nurse, privately.
“Young folks, you know, are impatient, and Sir

“ Tunbelly would make us stay a week for a wedding-dinner. Now, all things being signed and sealed, and agreed, I fancy there could be no great harm in practising a scene or two of matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the better assurance, when we come to play it in public.”

Nurse. Nay, I must confess, stolen pleasures are sweet. But if you should be married now, what will you do when Sir Tunbelly calls for you to be wedded?

Miss Hoy. Why, then we will be married again.

Nurse. What, twice, my child?

Miss Hoy. I-cod, I do n't care how often I'm married, not I.

Y. Fash. Pray, nurse, don't you be against your young lady's good; for, by this means, she'll have the pleasure of two wedding-days.

“ *Miss Hoy.* [*To Nurse, softly.*] And of two wedding nights, too, nurse.”

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender-hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing; so you shall e'en follow your own inventions.

Miss Hoy. Shall I? [*Aside.*] Oh, lord, I could leap over the moon!

Y. Fash. Dear nurse, this goodness of your's shan't go unrewarded; but now you must employ your power with Mr. Bull, the chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too; and then we shall be all happy. Do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him!—or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Miss *Hoy*. My lord, she has had him upon the hip this seven year.

Y. Fash. I'm glad to hear it : however, to strengthen your interest with him, you may let him know, I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse. Nay then, I'll make him marry more folks than one, I'll promise him.

Miss *Hoy*. Faith, do, nurse, make him marry you, too. I'm sure he'll do it for a fat living ; for he loves eating more than he loves his bible ; and I have often heard him say, a fat living was the best meat in the world.

Nurse. Ay, and I'll make him commend the sauce, too, or I'll bring his gown to a cassock, I will so.

Y. Fash. Well, nurse, whilst you go and settle matters with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden.

Nurse. I'll do your honour's business in the catching up of a garter.

[*Exit Nurse*.

Y. Fash. [*Giving her his hand*.] Come, madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me ?

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, dear, yes, sir ! I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter AMANDA and BERINTHIA.

A SONG.

" *I smile at love, and all its arts,*

" *The charming Cynthia cry'd ;*

" *Take heed, for love has piercing darts ;*

" *A wounded swain reply'd.*

" Once free and bless'd, as you are now,
" I trifled with his charms,
" I pointed at his little bow,
" And sported with his arms :
" Till urg'd too far, revenge, he cries,
" A fatal shaft he drew,
" It took its passage through your eyes,
" And to my heart it flew.
" To tear it thence I try'd in vain ;
" To strive, I quickly found,
" Was only to encrease the pain,
" And to enlarge the wound.
" Ah, much too well, I fear, you know
" What pain I'm to endure ;
" Since what your eyes alone could do,
" Your heart alone can cure !
" And that (grant Heaven, I may mistake)
" I doubt, is doom'd to bear
" A burden for another's sake,
" Who ill rewards its care."

Aman. Well, now, Berinthia, I'm at leisure to hear what 'twas you had to say to me.

Ber. What I had to say, was only to echo the sighs and groans of a dying lover.

Aman. Phoo! will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

Ber. Why, this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part, I only tell you matter of fact; you may take it which way you like best; " but if you'll follow

“ the women of the town, you’ll take it both ways :
 “ for when a man offers himself to one of them, first she
 “ takes him in jest, and then she takes him in earnest.”

Aman. “ I’m sure there’s so much jest and earnest
 “ in what you say to me;” I scarce know how to take
 it. But I think you have bewitched me ; for I don’t
 find it possible to be angry with you, say what you will.

Ber. I’m very glad to hear it ; for I have no mind
 to quarrel with you, for some reasons that I’ll not
 brag of. But quarrel or not, smile or frown, I must
 tell you what I have suffered upon your account.

Aman. Upon my account !

Ber. Yes, upon yours—I have been forced to sit
 still, and hear you commended for two hours together,
 without one compliment to myself. Now don’t you
 think a woman has a blessed time of that ?

Aman. “ Alas, I should have been unconcerned at
 “ it ! I never knew where the pleasure lay of being
 “ praised by the men.” But, pray, who was this that
 commended me so ?

Ber. One you have a mortal aversion to ; Mr. Wor-
 “ thy. He used you like a text ; he took you all to
 “ pieces ; but spoke so learnedly upon every point, one
 “ might see the spirit of the church was in him. If
 “ you are a woman, you’d have been in an extasy to
 “ have heard how feelingly he handled your hair, your
 “ eyes, your nose, your mouth, your teeth, your tongue,
 “ your chin, your neck, and so forth. Thus he
 “ preached for an hour ; but when he came to use an
 “ application, he observed, that all these, without a

“gallant, were nothing—Now consider of what has
“been said ; and Heaven give you grace to put it in
“practice.”

Aman. Alas, Berinthia ! did I incline to a gallant,
(which you know I do not) do you think a man so
nice as he, could have the least concern for such a
plain, unpolished thing as I am ? It is impossible !

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon
commending you.

Aman. Indeed, that was not my design.

Ber. Nay, if it were, it's all one ; for I won't do't ;
I'll leave that to your looking-glass. But, to shew
you I have some good-nature left, I'll commend him ;
and may be that may do as well.

Aman. You have a great mind to persuade me I am
in love with him.

Ber. I have a great mind to persuade you, you don't
know what you are in love with.

Aman. I am sure I am not in love with him, nor
never shall be : so let that pass. But you were saying
something you would commend him for.

Ber. Oh, you'd be glad to hear a good character of
him, however.

Aman. Psha !

Ber. Psha !——Well, 'tis a foolish undertaking
for women, in these kind of matters, to pretend to
deceive one another——Have not I been bred a woman,
as well as you !

Aman. What then ?

Ber. Why, then, I understand my trade so well

that, whenever I am told of a man I like, I cry, Psha! But that I may spare you the pains of putting me a second time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you this account of him: that, though 'tis possible he may have had women with as good faces as your ladyship's (no discredit to it neither) yet, you must know, your cautious behaviour, with that reserve in your humour has given him his death's wound. He mortally hates a coquette. He says, 'tis impossible to love, where we cannot esteem; and that no woman can be esteemed by a man who has sense, if she makes herself cheap in the eye of a fool. "That pride to a woman, is as necessary as humility to a divine; and that far-fetch'd, and dear-bought, is meat for gentlemen, as well as for ladies." In short, that every woman who has beauty, may set a price upon herself; and that, by under-selling the market, they ruin the trade. This is his doctrine, how do you like it?

Aman. So well, that, since I never intend to have a gallant for myself, if I were to recommend one to a friend, he should be the man.

Enter WORTHY.

Bless me, he's here! Pray Heaven, he did not hear me!

Ber. If he did, it won't hurt your reputation; your thoughts are as safe in his heart, as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unseasonable time of night, ladies; I hope, if I am troublesome, you'll use the same freedom in turning me out again.

I ij

Aman. I believe it can't be late ; for Mr. Loveless is not come home yet, and he usually keeps good hours.

Wor. Madam ; I'm afraid he'll transgress a little to-night ; for he told me about half an hour ago, he was going to sup with some company, he doubted would keep him out till three or four o'clock in the morning ; and desired I would let my servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him. But my fellow's a blunder head ; so, lest he should make some mistake, I thought it my duty to deliver the message myself.

Aman. I'm very sorry he should give you that trouble, sir ; but——

Ber. But since he has, will you give me leave, madam, to keep him to play at ombre with us ?

Aman. Cousin, you know you command my house.

Wor. [*To Ber.*] And, madam, you know you command me ; though I'm a very wretched gamester.

Ber. Oh, you play well enough to lose your money, and that's all the ladies require ; and so, without any more ceremony, let's go into the next room, and call for the cards.

Aman. With all my heart. [*Ex. Wor. leading out Am.*]

Ber. Well, how this business will end, Heaven knows ! but she seems to be in as fair a way——as a boy is to be a rogue, when he's put clerk to an attorney.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Berinthia's Chamber. Enter LOVELESS, cautiously, in the dark.

Lov. So, thus far all 's well. I'm got into her bed-chamber, and I think nobody has perceived me steal into the house: my wife don't expect me home till four o'clock; so if Berinthia comes to bed by eleven, I shall have a chace of five hours. Let me see; where shall I hide myself? Under her bed? No; we shall have her maid searching there for something or other: her closet's a better place, and I have a master-key will open it: I'll e'en in there, "and attack her just when she comes to her prayers; that's the most like to prove her critical minute; for then the devil will be there to assist me."

[He opens the Closet, goes in, and shuts the door after him.]

Enter BERINTHIA, with a Candle in her hand.

Ber. Well, sure I am the best natured woman in the world. I, that love cards so well, (there is but one thing upon the earth that I love better) have pretended letters to write to give my friends a tête-à-tête. However, I'm innocent; for picquet is the game I set them to: at her own peril be it, if she ventures to play with him at any other. But now, what shall I do with myself? I don't know how in the world to pass my time. Would Loveless were here, to *badiner* a little—Well, he's a charming fellow; I don't wonder his

wife's so fond of him—What if I should sit down and think of him till I fall fast asleep, and dream of the lord knows what? Oh, but then if I should dream we were married, I should be frightened out of my wits. [*Seeing a book.*] What's this book? I think I had best go read. Oh, *splenetique*! it's a sermon. Well, I'll go into my closet, and read the plotting sisters. [*She opens the Closet, sees Loveless, and shrieks out.*] Oh, lord—a ghost, a ghost, a ghost, a ghost!

Enter LOVELESS running to her.

Low. Peace, my dear; it's no ghost; take it in your arms; you'll find 'tis worth a hundred of them.

Ber. Run in again: here's somebody coming.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Oh, lord, madam! what's the matter?

Ber. Oh, Heaven's I'm almost frightened out of my wits! I thought, verily, I had seen a ghost; and 't was nothing but the white curtain, with a black hood pinned up against it. You may begone again—I am the fearfullest fool—

[*Exit Maid.*]

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Low. Is the coast clear?

Ber. The coast clear! I suppose you are clear; you'd never play such a trick as this else.

Low. I am very well pleased with my trick thus far; and shall be so till I have played it out, if it be n't your fault. Where's my wife?

Ber. At cards.

Low. With whom?

Ber. With Worthy.

Low. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. You are so! Some husbands would be of another mind, if he were at cards with their wives.

Low. And they 'd be in the right on't too. But I dare trust mine. Besides, I know he's in love in another place; and he's not one of those who court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the truth on't is, you'd pity him if you saw how uneasy he is, at being engaged with us; but 'twas my malice. I fancied he was to meet his mistress somewhere else; so did it to have the pleasure of seeing him fret.

Low. What says Amanda to my staying abroad so late?

Ber. Why, she's as much out of humour as he; I believe they wish one another at the devil.

Low. Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at play, and soon throw up the cards. [*Offering to pull her into the Closet.*] Therefore, my dear, charming angel, let us make good use of our time.

Ber. Heavens! what do you mean.

Low. Pray, what do you think I mean?

Ber. I don't know.

Low. I'll shew you.

Ber. You may as well tell me.

Low. No, that would make you blush worse than 'other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me blush?

Low. Faith, I can't tell that; but if I do, it shall be in the dark. [*Pulling ber.*

Ber. Oh, heavens! I would not be in the dark with you for all the world.

Low. I'll try that. [*Puts out the Candle.*

Ber. Oh, lord! are you mad? What shall I do for light?

Low. You'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a chair to sit down?

Low. Come into the closet, madam; there's moonshine upon the couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull; for I will not go.

Low. Then you must be carried. [*Carrying ber.*

Ber. "Help, help! I'm ravish'd, ruin'd, undone!"
Oh, lord, I shall never be able to bear it! [*Very softly.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Sir Tunbelly's House. Enter Miss HOYDEN, NURSE, Young FASHION, and Chaplain.

Y. Fash. This quick dispatch of yours, Mr. Bull, I take so kindly, it shall give you claim to my favour as long as I live, I do assure you.

Miss Hoy. And to mine too, I promise you.

Chap. I most humbly thank your honours; and I hope, "since it has been my lot to join you in the holy bands of wedlock, you will so well cultivate the soil

"which I have craved a blessing on, that" your children may swarm about you like bees about a honeycomb.

Miss *Hoy*. I'cod, with all my heart; the more the merrier, I say: ha, nurse.

Enter LORY, taking his Master hastily aside.

Lor. One word with you, for Heaven's sake.

Y. Fash. What the devil's the matter?

Lor. Sir, your fortune's ruined; "and I don't think your life's worth a quarter of an hour's purchase." Yonder's your brother arrived, with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen and pages, a coat worth fourscore pounds, and a perriwig down to his knees: so judge what will become of your lady's heart.

Y. Fash. Death and furies, 't is impossible!

Lor. Fiends and spectres, sir! 't is true.

Y. Fash. Is he in the house yet?

Lor. No, they are capitulating with him at the gate; the porter tells him, he's come to run away with Miss Hoyden, and has cock'd the blunderbuss at him; your brother swears, gad damme, they are a parcel of clawns, "and he had a good mind to break off the match; but they have given the word for Sir Tunbelly; so, I doubt, all will come out, presently." Pray, sir, resolve what you'll do, this moment; "for, 'egad, they'll maul you."

Y. Fash. Stay a little—[*To Miss.*] My dear, here's a troublesome business, my man tells me of; but don't

be frightened; we shall be too hard for the rogue. Here's an impudent fellow at the gate, (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss *Hoy*. Oh, the brazen-fac'd varlet! It's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Y. *Fash*. [*Aside.*] 'Egad, like enough—Pr'ythee, dear doctōr, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the gate, before I speak with him.

Chap. I fly, my good lord—— [*Exit Chap.*

Nurse. An't please your honour, my lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the danger be over.

Y. *Fash*. Ay, by all means.

Miss *Hoy*. Not so fast; I won't be locked up any more; I'm married.

Y. *Fash*. Yes, pray, my dear, do, till we have seized this rascal.

Miss *Hoy*. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing.

[*Exeunt Miss and Nurse.*

Y. *Fash*. Oh, here's Sir Tunbelly coming—[*To Lory.*] Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine; the wedding's over.

Lor. The devil it is, sir.

Y. *Fash*. Not a word, all's safe; but Sir Tunbelly don't know it, nor must not yet; so I am resolved to brazen the business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor upon his lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, Chaplain, and Servants, armed.

Y. Fash. Did you ever hear, sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

Sir Tun. Never, by the mass; but we'll tickle him, I warrant you.

Y. Fash. They tell me, sir, he has a great many people with him, disguised like servants.

Sir Tun. Ay, ay, rogues enow; but I'll soon raise the posse upon him.

Y. Fash. Sir, if you'll take my advice, we'll go a shorter way to work; I find, whoever this spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; so, if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without suspicion; and as soon as he is within the gate, we'll whip up the draw-bridge upon his back, let fly the blunderbuss to disperse the crew, and so commit him to gaol.

Sir Tun. 'Egad, your lordship is an ingenious person, and a very great general; but shall we kill any of them, or not?

Y. Fash. No, no, fire over their heads, only to fright them; I'll warrant the regiment scours, when the colonel's a prisoner.

Sir Tun. Then come along, my boys; and let your courage be great—for your danger is but small.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The Gate. Enter Lord FOPPINGTON and Followers.

L. Fop. A pax of these bumkinly people! will they open the gate, or do they desire I should grow at their moat-side, like a willow? [*To the Porter.*] Hey, fellow! Pr'ythee, do me the favour, in as few words as thou canst find to express thyself, to tell me whether thy master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my coach, and begone?

Por. Here's my master himself now at hand; he's of age, he'll give you his answer.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY and his Servants.

Sir Tun. my most noble lord, I crave your pardon for making your honour wait so long; but my orders to my servants have been to admit nobody without my knowledge, for fear of some attempt upon my daughter, the times being full of plots and roguery.

L. Fop. Much caution, I must confess, is a sign of great wisdom. But, stap my vitals, I have got a cold enough to destroy a porter——He, hem——

Sir Tun. I am very sorry for it, indeed, my lord; but if your lordship please to walk in, we'll help you to some brown sugar-candy. My lord, I'll shew you the way.

L. Fop. Sir, I follow with pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

[*As Lord Foppington's Servants go to follow him in, they clap the door against La Varole.*

Servants. [*Within.*] Nay, hold you me there, sir.

"*La Var.* *Jernie, qu'est ce que veut dire ça ?*"

Sir Tun. [*Within.*] Fire, porter.

"*La Var.* *Ab, je suis mort*"—[*The Servants all run off.*]

"*Port.* Not one soldier left, by the mass."

SCENE VI.

Changes into a Hall. Enter Sir TUNBELLY, the Chaplain and Servants, with Lord FOPPINGTON disarmed.

Sir Tun. Come, bring him along, bring him along.

L. Fop. What the pax do you mean, gentlemen? Is it fair-time, that you are all drunk before dinner?

Sir Tun. Drunk, sirrah! Here 's an impudent rogue for you. Drunk or sober, bully, I 'm a justice of the peace, and know how to deal with strollers.

L. Fop. Strollers!

Sir Tun. Ay, strollers. Come, give an account of yourself. What 's your name? Where do you live? Do you pay scot and lot? Are you a Williamite, or a Jacobite? Come——

L. Fop. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent questions?

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer them before I have done with you, you rascal you.

L. Fop. Before Gad, all the answer I can make thee to them is, that thou art a very extraordinary old fellow, stap my vitals.

Sir *Tun.* Nay, if you are for joking with deputy-lieutenants, we know how to deal with you. Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

L. *Fop.* A warrant!—What the devil is it thou would be at, old gentleman?

Sir *Tun.* I would be at you, sirrah, (if my hands were not tied as a magistrate) and with these two double fists, beat your teeth down your throat, you dog you.

L. *Fop.* And why wouldst thou spoil my face at that rate?

Sir *Tun.* For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

L. *Fop.* Rab thee of thy daughter!—Now do I begin to believe I'm a-bed and asleep, and that all this is but a dream—If it be, it will be an agreeable surprise enough, to waken by and by, and, instead of the impertinent company of a nasty country justice, find myself, perhaps, in the arms of a woman of quality—
[To Sir *Tun.*] Pr'ythee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one question?

Sir *Tun.* I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

L. *Fop.* Why, then, it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord Foppington, to come down and marry thy daughter?

Sir *Tun.* Yes, marry, did I; and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she's a day older.

L. *Fop.* Now give me thy hand, dear dad; I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir Tun. This fellow's mad—Here, bind him hand and foot. *[They bind him down.]*

L. Fop. Nay, pr'ythee, knight, leave fooling; thy jest begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say; he's mad—Bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

L. Fop. *[Aside.]* 'Egad, if I don't waken quickly, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent dreams that ever I dreamt in my life.

Enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

Miss Hoy. *[Going up to him.]* Is this he that would have run away with me? Fough, how he stinks of sweets!—Pray, father, let him be dragged through the horse-pond.

L. Fop. *[Aside.]* This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband.

Miss Hoy. Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him? Hang him?

Sir Tun. That at least, child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him, too.

L. Fop. *[Aside.]* *Madame la gouvernante*, I presume. Hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality matched into.

Sir Tun. What's become of my Lord, daughter?

Miss Hoy. He's just coming, sir.

L. Fop. *[Aside.]* My lord—What does he mean by that now?

Enter Young FASHION and LORY.

L. Fop. [*Seeing Y. Fash.*] Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream's out.

Y. Fash. Is this the fellow, sir, that designed to trick me of your daughter?

Sir Tun. This is he, my Lord; how do you like him? Is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune?

Y. Fash. I find, by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss Hoy. Oh, Gemini! is this a beau? Let me see him again—Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing neither.

Y. Fash. 'Egad, she'll be in love with him presently; I'll e'en have him sent away to gaol—[*To Lord Fop.*] Sir, though your understanding shews you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you ha' n't confidence enough to expect much favour from me,

L. Fop. Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow,

Nurse. Look, if the varlet has not the 'frontery to call his lordship plain Thomas.

Chap. The business is, he would feign himself "mad, to avoid going to gaol.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] That must be the chaplain, by "his unfolding of mysteries."

Sir Tun. Come, is the warrant writ?

Chap. Yes, sir?

Sir Tun. Give me the pen, I'll sign it—So, now, constable, away with him.

L. Fop. Hold one moment, pray, gentlemen——
My Lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your lordship?

Nurse. Oh, ho! is it my lord with him now? See how afflictions will humble folks.

Miss Hoby. Pray, my lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

L. Fop. I am not altogether so hungry as your ladyship is pleased to imagine—[*To Y. Fash.*] Look you, Tam, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought; but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and accept of the five thousand pounds I offer: thou may'st live in extreme splendor with it, stap my vitals.

Y. Fash. It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease, than to cure it; a quarter of that sum would have secured your mistress; twice as much won't redeem her.
[*Leaving him.*]

Sir Tun. Well, what says he?

Y. Fash. Only the rascal offered me a bribe to let him go.

Sir Tun. Ay, he shall go with a pox to him. Lead on, constable.

L. Fop. One word more and I have done.

Sir Tun. Before gad, thou art an impudent fellow, to trouble the court at this rate, after thou art condemned. But speak, once for all.

L. Fop. Why, then, once for all; I have, at last, luckily called to mind, that there is a gentleman of

this county, who, I believe, cannot live far from this place, if he were here, would satisfy you I am Navelty, Baron of Foppington, with five thousand pounds a year, and that fellow there, a rascal, not worth a groat.

Sir Tun. Very well ; now who is this honest gentleman you are so well acquainted with ?—[*To Y. Fash.*] Come, sir we shall hamper him.

L. Fop. 'Tis Sir John Friendly.

Sir Tun. So—he lives within half a mile, and came down into the country but last night. This bold-faced fellow thought he had been at London still, and so quoted him ; now we shall display him in his colours ; I'll send for Sir John immediately. Here, fellow, away presently, and desire my neighbour he'll do me the favour to step over, upon an extraordinary occasion ; and, in the mean while, you had best secure this sharper in the gate-house.

Const. An't please your worship, he may chance to give us the slip thence. If I were worthy to advise, I think the dog kennel's a surer place.

Sir Tun. With all my heart, any where.

L. Fop. Nay, for Heaven's sake, sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean room, that I may n't daub my clothes.

Sir Tun. Oh, when you have married my daughter, her estate will afford you new ones. Away with him.

L. Fop. A dirty country justice is a barbarous magistrate, stap my vitals.

[*Exit Constable with Lord Foppington.*]

Y. Fash. [*Aside.*] 'Egad, I must prevent this

knight's coming, or the house will soon grow too hot to hold me—[*To Sir Tun.*] Sir, I fancy 't is not worth while to trouble Sir John upon this impertinent fellow's desire. I'll send and call the messenger back.

Sir Tun. Nay, with all my heart : for, to be sure, he thought he was far enough off, or the rogue would never have named him.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I met Sir John just alighting at the gate; he's come to wait upon you.

Sir Tun. Nay, then it happens as one could wish.

Y. Fash. [*Aside.*] The devil it does! Lory, you see how things are; here will be a discovery presently, and we shall have our brains beat out; for my brother will be sure to swear he don't know me: therefore, run into the stable, take the two first horses you can light on, I'll slip out at the back door, and we'll away immediately.

Lory. What, and leave your lady, sir!

Y. Fash. There's no danger in that, as long as I have taken possession; I shall know how to treat with them well enough, if once I am out of their reach. Away: I'll steal after thee.

[*Exit Lory; his Master follows him out at one door, while Sir John enters at the other.*]

Sir Tun. Sir John, you are the welcomest man alive; I had just sent a messenger to desire you'd step over, upon a very extraordinary occasion—We are all in arms here.

“ Sir *John*. How so?

“ Sir *Tun*. Why, you must know a finical sort of a
“ tawdry fellow, here, (I don’t know what the devil
“ he is, not I) hearing, I suppose, that the match was
“ concluded between my Lord Foppington and my
“ girl, Hoyden, comes impudently to the gate, and,
“ with a whole pack of rogues in liveries, would have
“ passed upon me for his lordship. But what does I?
“ I comes up to him boldly, at the head of his guards,
“ takes him by the throat, strikes up his heels, binds
“ him hand and foot, dispatches a warrant, and com-
“ mits him prisoner to the dog-kennel.

“ Sir *John*. So—But how do you know but this was
“ my lord? For I was told he set out for London the
“ day before me, with a very fine retinue, and intend-
“ ed to come directly hither.

“ Sir *Tun*. Why, now to shew you how many lies
“ people raise in that damn’d town, he came two nights
“ ago, post, with only one servant, and is now in the
“ house with me. But you don’t know the cream of
“ the jest yet; this same rogue, that lies yonder, neck
“ and heels among the hounds, thinking you were out
“ of the country, quotes you for his acquaintance, and
“ said, if you were here, you’d justify him to be Lord
“ Foppington, and I know not what.”

Sir *John*. *Your servants told me the business: and that
the impostor quotes me for his acquaintance. Pray let me
see him.*

Sir *Tun*. Ay, that you shall, presently—Here, fetch
the prisoner.

[Exit Servant.]

Sir *Tun.* "He was here just now; see for him,"—
Doctör, tell my lord, Sir John Friendly is here to wait
upon him. [Exit Chaplain.]

"Sir *John.* I hope, Sir Tunbelly, the young lady
"is not married yet.

"Sir *Tun.* No, things won't be ready this week;
"but why do you say, you hope she is not married?

"Sir *John.* Some foolish fancies only; perhaps I
"am mistaken."

Re-enter Chaplain.

Chap. Sir, his lordship is just rid out to take the air.

Sir *Tun.* To take the air! Is that his London
breeding, to go to take the air, when gentlemen come
to visit him.

"Sir *John.* 'Tis possible he might want it, he
"might not be well, some sudden qualm perhaps."

Enter Constable, &c. with Lord FOPPINGTON.

L. Fop. Stap my vitals, I'll have satisfaction.

Sir *John.* [Running to him.] My dear Lord Fop-
pington!

L. Fop. Dear Friendly, thou art come in the criti-
cal minute, strike me dumb.

Sir *John.* Why, I little thought to have found you
in fetters.

L. Fop. Why truly the world must do me the jus-
tice to confess, I do use to appear a little more *degagé*
—but this old gentleman, not liking the freedom of

my air, has been pleased to skewer down my arms like a rabbit.

Sir *Tun.* Is it then possible that this should be the true Lord Foppington at last !

L. *Fop.* Why, what do you see in his face to make your doubt of it ? Sir, without presuming to have any extraordinary opinion of my figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had seen as many lords as I have done, you would not think it impossible a person of a worse *taille* than mine, might be a modern man of quality.

Sir *Tun.* Unbind him, slaves : my lord, I 'm struck dumb, I can only beg pardon by signs ; but if a sacrifice will appease you, you shall have it. Here, pursue this Tartar, bring him back——Away, I say, a dog. Oons——I 'll cut off his ears and his tail, I 'll draw out all his teeth, pull his skin over his head——and——what shall I do more ?

Sir *John.* He does indeed deserve to be made an example of.

L. *Fop.* He does deserve to be *chartré*, stap my vitals.

Sir *Tun.* May I then hope I have your honour's pardon ?

L. *Fop.* Sir, we courtiers do nothing without a bribe ; that fair young lady might do miracles.

Sir *Tun.* Hoyden, come hither Hoyden.

L. *Fop.* Hoyden is her name, sir ?

Sir *Tun.* Yes, my lord.

L. *Fop.* The prettiest name for a song I ever heard.

Sir Tun. My lord—here 's my girl, she 's your's, she has a wholesome body and a virtuous mind : she 's a woman complete, both in flesh and in spirit ; she has a bag of milled crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year stitched fast to her tail : so go thy ways, Hoyden.

L. Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I 'm a happy man, and if your lordship will give me leave, I will, like a good Christian at Christmas, be very drunk by way of thanksgiving.—Come, my noble peer, I believe dinner 's ready ; if your honour pleases to follow me, I 'll lead you on to the attack of a venison pasty. [Exit Sir Tun.

L. Fop. Sir, I wait upon you. Will your ladyship do me the favour of your little finger, madam ?

Miss Hoy. My lord, I 'll follow you presently. I have a little business with my nurse.

L. Fop. Your ladyship's most humble servant : come, Sir John, the ladies have *des affaires*.

[Exeunt L. Fop. and Sir John.

Miss Hoy. So, nurse, we are finely brought to bed : what shall we do now ?

Nurse. Ah, dear miss, we are all undone. "Mr. Bull, you were used to help a woman to a remedy."

[Crying.

"Chap. A lack a-day, but it 's past my skill now, " I can do nothing.

"Nurse. Who would have thought that ever your " invention should have been drained so dry ?"

Miss Hoy. Well, I have often thought old folks

fools, and now I 'm sure they are so : I have found a way myself to secure us all.

Nurse. Dear lady, what 's that ?

Miss Hoy. Why, if you two will be sure to hold your tongues, and not say a word of what 's past, I 'll e'en marry this lord too.

Nurse. What! two husbands, my dear ?

Miss Hoy. Why you had three, good nurse, so you may hold your tongue.

Nurse. Ay, but not altogether, sweet child.

Miss Hoy. Psha ! if you had, you 'd ne'er a thought much on 't.

Nurse. Oh, but 'tis a sin——Sweeting.

Chap. Nay, that 's my business to speak to, nurse : I do confess, to take two husbands for the satisfaction of the flesh, is to commit the sin of ex-orbitancy ; but to do it for the peace of the spirit, is no more than to be drunk by way of physic : besides, to prevent a parent's wrath, is to avoid the sin of disobedience ; for when the parent 's angry, the child is froward. So that upon the whole matter, I do think, though miss should marry again, she may be saved.

Miss Hoy. " I-cod, and I will marry again then, and so there is an end of the story. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Berinthia's Apartment. Enter her Maid, passing the Stage, followed by WORTHY.

Wor. Hem, Mrs. Abigail, is your mistress to be spoken with ?

Ab. By you, sir, I believe she may.

Wor. Why, 't is by me I would have her spoken with.

Ab. I'll acquaint her, sir: [Exit Abigail.]

Wor. [Alone.] One lift more I must persuade her to give me, and then I'm mounted. " Well, a young
" bawd, and a handsome one for my money, 't is
" they do the execution ; I'll never go to an old one,
" but when I have occasion for a witch. Lewdness
" looks heavenly to a woman, when an angel appears
" in its cause ; but when a hag is advocate, she thinks
" it comes from the devil. An old woman has some-
" thing so terrible in her looks, that while she is per-
" suading your mistress to forget she has a soul, she
" stares hell and damnation full in her face."

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. Well, sir, what news bring you ?

Wor. No news, madam, there 's a woman going to cuckold her husband.

Ber. Amanda ?

Wor. I hope so.

Ber. Speed her well.

Wor. Ay, but there must be a more than a "God" speed, or your charity won't be worth a farthing.

Ber. Why, han't I done enough, already?

Wor. Not quite.

Ber. What 's the matter?

Wor. The lady has a scruple still, which you must remove.

Ber. What 's that?

Wor. Her virtue——she says.

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor. No, but I believe it's what she takes for her virtue; it's some relics of lawful love! She is not yet fully satisfied her husband has got another mistress, which, unless I can convince her of, I have opened the trenches in vain; for the breach must be wider, before I dare storm the town.

Ber. And so I'm to be your engineer?

Wor. I'm sure you know best how to manage the battery.

Ber. What think you of springing a mine? I have a thought just now come into my head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That would be a thought indeed.

Ber. Faith, I'll do 't, and thus the execution of it shall be. We are all invited to my Lord Foppington's to-night to supper; he's come to town with his bride, "and gives a ball with an entertainment of music." Now you must know, my undoer here, Loveless, says, he must needs meet me about some private busi-

ness (I don't know what 't is) before we go to the company. To which end, he has told his wife one lie, and I have told her another. But to make her amends, I'll go immediately, and tell her a solemn truth.

Wor. What's that?

Ber. Why, I'll tell her, that to my certain knowledge her husband has a rendezvous with his mistress this afternoon: and that, if she'll give me her word, she will be satisfied with the discovery, without making any violent inquiry after the woman, I'll direct her to a place where she shall see them meet—Now, friend, this, I fancy, may help you to a critical minute. For home she must go again to dress. You, with your good breeding, come to wait upon us to the ball, find her all alone, her spirit inflamed against her husband for his treason, and her flesh in a heat from some contemplations upon the treachery, her blood on a fire, her conscience in ice; a lover to draw, and the devil to drive——Ah, poor Amanda!

Wor. [*Kneeling.*] Thou angel of light, let me fall down and adore thee!

Ber. Thou minister of darkness, get up again, for I hate to see the devil at his devotions.

Wor. Well, my incomparable Berinthia—How shall I requite you——

Ber. Oh, ne'er trouble yourself about that: virtue is its own reward. There's a pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays itself. Adieu.

Wor. Farewell, thou best of women.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

Enter AMANDA, meeting BERINTHIA.

Aman. Who was that went from you ?

Ber. A friend of yours.

Aman. What does he want ?

Ber. Something you might spare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Aman. I can spare him nothing but my friendship: my love already 's all disposed of: though, I confess, to one ungrateful to my bounty.

Ber. Why there 's the mystery ! You have been so bountiful, you have cloyed him. " Fond wives do " by their husbands, as barren wives do by their lap-dogs; cram them with sweetmeats till they spoil " their stomachs."

Aman. Alas ! Had you but seen how passionately fond he has been since our last reconciliation, you would have thought it were impossible he ever should have breathed an hour without me.

Ber. Ay, but there you thought wrong again, Amanda; " you should consider, that in matters of " love men's eyes are always bigger than their bellies. " They have violent appetites, 'tis true, but they " have soon dined."

Aman. Well ; there 's nothing upon earth astonishes me more than men's inconstancy.

Ber. Now there 's nothing upon earth astonishes me less, when I consider what they and we are composed of: for nature has made them children, and us babies. Now, Amanda, how we used our babies,

you may remember. We were mad to have them, as soon as we saw them; kissed them to pieces, as soon as we got them; then pulled off their clothes, saw them naked, and so threw them away.

Aman. But do you think all men are of this temper?

Ber. All but one.

Aman. Who's that?

Ber. Worthy.

Aman. Why, he's weary of his wife too, you see.

Ber. Ay, that's no proof.

Aman. What can be a greater?

Ber. Being weary of his mistress.

Aman. Don't you think 't were possible he might give you that too?

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my gallant; not if he were yours.

Aman. Why do you think he should be more constant to me, than he would to you? I'm sure I'm not so handsome.

Ber. Kissing goes by favour: he likes you best.

Aman. Suppose he does; that's no demonstration he would be constant to me.

Ber. No, that I'll grant you: but there are other reasons to expect it; for you must know after all, Amanda, the inconstancy we commonly see in men of brains, does not so much proceed from the uncertainty of their temper, as from the misfortunes of their love. A man sees, perhaps, an hundred women he likes well enough for an intrigue, and away; but possibly, through the whole course of

“ his life, does not find above one, who is exactly
“ what he could wish her: now her, 't is a thousand
“ to one he never gets. Either she is not to be had
“ at all (though that seldom happens, you 'll say) or
“ he wants those opportunities that are necessary to
“ gain her; either she likes somebody else much better
“ than him, or uses him like a dog, because he
“ likes nobody so well as her. Still something or
“ other Fate claps in the way between them and the
“ woman they are capable of being fond of: and this
“ makes them wander about from mistress to mistress,
“ like a pilgrim from town to town, who every
“ night must have a fresh lodging, and is in haste to
“ be gone in the morning.”

Aman. 'Tis possible there may be something in what you say; but what do you infer from it, as to the man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer, that you being the woman in the world, the most to his humour, 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is less.

Aman. That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. Loveless does so.

Ber. What does Mr. Loveless do?

Aman. Why, he runs after something for variety, I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Ber. That 's more than you know, madam.

Aman. No, I'm sure on't: I am not very vain, Berinthia; and yet I'll lay my life, if I could look into his heart, he thinks I deserve to be preferred to a thousand of her.

Ber. Don't be too positive in that neither: a million to one, but she has the same opinion of you.—What would you give to see her?

Aman. Hang her, a dirty trull; though I really believe she's so ugly, she'd cure me of my jealousy.

Ber. All the men of sense about town say, she's handsome.

Aman. They are as often out in those things as any people.

Ber. Then I'll give you farther proof—all the women about town say, she's a fool: now I hope you are convinced?

Aman. Whate'er she be, I'm satisfied he does not like her well enough to bestow any thing more than a little outward gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward gallantry!—[*Aside.*] I can't bear this. [To *Aman.*] Do n't you think she's a woman to be fobbed off so. Come, I'm too much your friend, to suffer you should be thus grossly imposed upon, by a man who does not deserve the least part about you, unless he knew how to set a greater value upon it.—Therefore, in one word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her now, within a quarter of an hour, "somewhere about that Babylon of wickedness, "Whitehall." And if you'll give me your word that you'll be content with seeing her, without pulling her head clothes off, I'll step immediately to the person from whom I have my intelligence, and send you word whereabouts you may stand to see them meet.—"My friend and I'll watch them from another place,

“ and dodge them to their private lodging : but don’t
“ you offer to follow them, lest you do it awkwardly,
“ and spoil all. I’ll come home to you again
“ as soon as I have earthed them, and give you an
“ account in what corner of the house the scene of
“ their lewdness lies.”

Aman. If you can do this, Berinthia, he’s a villain.

Ber. I can’t help that, men will be so.

Aman. Well ! I’ll follow your directions ; for I shall never rest till I know the worst of this matter.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get yourself ready then. Put on some of your woman’s clothes, a great scarf and a mask, and you shall presently receive orders. “ [*Calls within.*] Here, who’s there ? get me
“ a chair quickly.

“ *Ser.* There are chairs at the door, madam.

“ *Ber.* ’Tis well, I’m coming.”

Aman. But, pray, Berinthia, before you go, tell me how I may know this filthy thing, if she should be so forward (as I suppose she will) to come to the rendezvous first ; for, methinks, I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why, she’s about my heighth, and very well shaped.

Aman. I thought she had been a little crooked.

Ber. Oh, no, she’s as straight as I am. But we lose time ; come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. Enter COUPLER, Young FASHION, and LORY.

Coupler.

" WELL, and so Sir John coming in——

" *Y. Fash.* And so Sir John coming in, I thought
" it might be manners in me to go out, which I did,
" and getting on horseback as fast as I could, rid
" away as if the devil had been at the rear of me ;
" what has happened since, heaven knows.

" *Coup.* 'Egad, sir, I know as well as heaven.

" *Y. Fash.* What do you know?

" *Coup.* That you are a cuckold.

" *Y. Fash.* The devil I am ! By who ?

" *Coup.* By your brother.

" *Y. Fash.* My brother ! which way ?

" *Coup.* The old way : he has lain with your wife.

" *Y. Fash.* Hell and furies, what dost thou mean ?

" *Coup.* I mean plainly, I speak no parable.

" *Y. Fash.* Plainly ! thou dost not speak common
" sense, I cannot understand one word thou sayest.

" *Coup.* You will do soon, youngster. In short,
" you left your wife a widow, and she married again.

" *Y. Fash.* It's a lie.

" *Coup.* ——I-cod, if I were a young fellow, I'd
" break your head, sirrah.

" Y. *Fash.* Dear dad, don't be angry, for I am as
 " mad as Tom of Bedlam.

" *Coup.* When I had fitted you with a wife, you
 " should have kept her.

" Y. *Fash.* But is it possible the young strumpet
 " could play me such a trick?

" *Coup.* A young strumpet, sir, can play twenty
 " tricks.

" Y. *Fash.* But, pr'ythee, instruct me a little farther; whence comes thy intelligence?

" *Coup.* From your brother, in this letter; there,
 " you may read it." *Now you have told me your story,*
I'll let you into mine in this letter; read it.

[*Young Fashion reads.*

' Dear Coupler,

' [*Pulling off his hat.*] I have only time to tell thee
 in three lines, or thereabouts, that there has been the
 devil: that rascal, Tam, having stole the letter thou
 hadst formerly writ for me to bring to Sir Tunbelly,
 formed a damnable design upon my mistress, and was
 in a fair way of success when I arrived. But after
 having suffered some indignities (in which I have all
 daubed my embroidered coat) I put him to flight. I
 sent out a party of horse after him, in hopes to have
 made him my prisoner, which, if I had done, I would
 have qualified him for the seraglio, stap my vitals.—
 The danger I have thus narrowly escaped, has made
 me fortify myself against further attempts, by enter-
 ing immediately into an association with the young
 lady, by which we engage to stand by one another, as

long as we both shall live. In short, the papers are sealed, and the contract is signed, so the business of the lawyer is *acheve*; but I defer the divine part of the thing till I arrive at London, not being willing to consummate in any other bed but my own.

‘*P. S.* ’T is possible I may be in the tawn as soon as this letter; for I find the lady is so violently in love with me, I have determined to make her happy with all the dispatch that is practicable, without disordering my coach-horses.’

So, here’s rare work, i’faith!

Lory. ’Egad, Miss Hoyden has laid about her bravely.

Coup. I think my country-girl has played her part, as well as if she had been born and bred in St. James’s parish.

Y. Fash. That rogue the chaplain.

Lory. And then that jade the nurse, sir.

Y. Fash. And then that drunken sot, *Lory*, sir; that could not keep himself sober to be a witness to the marriage.

Lory. Sir—with respect—I know very few drunken sots that do keep themselves sober.

Y. Fash. Hold your prating, sirrah, or I’ll break your head. Dear *Coupler*, what’s to be done?

Coup. Nothing’s to be done till the bride and bridegroom come to town.

Y. Fash. Bride and bridegroom; hell and furies! I can’t bear you should call them so.

Coup. Why, what shall I call them, dog and cat?

Y. *Fash*. Not for the world, that sounds more like man and wife than t' other.

Coup. Well, call them what you will, there's nothing to be done without them. But you have been an idle young rogue, or the girl would never have left thee.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter AMANDA, in a scarf, &c. as just returned,
“ her Woman following her.

“ *Aman*. Pr'ythee, what care I who has been here?

“ *Wom*. Madam, 't was my Lady Bridle, and my Lady Tiptoe.

“ *Aman*. My Lady Fiddle and my Lady Faddle.—

“ What dost stand troubling me with the visits of a
 “ parcel of impertinent women? When they are well
 “ seamed with the small pox, they won't be so fond
 “ of shewing their faces—There are more coquettes
 “ about this town——

“ *Wom*. Madam, I suppose, they only came to re-
 “ turn your ladyship's visit, according to the custom
 “ of the world.

“ *Aman*. Would the world were on fire, and you
 “ in the middle on't. Begone; leave me.

[*Exit Woman*.]

Aman. [*Alone*.] At last I am convinced. My eyes
 are testimonies of his falsehood.

The base, ungrateful, perjur'd villain——

“ Good Gods—What slippery stuff are men composed
 of?

“ Sure the account of their creation's false,

"And 't was the woman's rib that they were form'd of."

But why am I thus angry ?

This poor relapse should only move my scorn.

" 'T is true ; the roving flights of his unfinish'd youth

" Had strong excuses from the plea of nature :

" Reason had thrown the reins loose on his neck,

" And slipt him to unlimited desire.

" If therefore he went wrong, he had a claim

" To my forgiveness, and-I did him right:

" But since the years of manhood rein him in,

" And reason, well digested into thought,

" Has pointed out the course he ought to run ;

" If now he strays,

" 'T would be as weak, and mean in me to pardon,

" As it has been in him t' offend. But hold !

" 'T is an ill cause indeed, where nothing 's to be said
for 't.

" My beauty possibly is in the wain :

" Perhaps sixteen has greater charms for him :

" Yes, there 's the secret. But let him know,

" My quiver 's not entirely empty'd yet ;

" I still have darts, and I can shoot 'em too :

" They 're not so blunt, but they can enter still ;

" The want 's not in my power, but in my will.

" Virtue 's his friend ; or, through another's heart,

" I yet could find the way to make his smart."

[*Going off, she meets Worthy.*

Ha ! he here ! Protect me, heaven, for this looks ominous.

Wor. You seem disordered, madam ; I hope there 's
no misfortune has happened to you ?

M

Aman. None that will long disorder me, I hope.

Wor. Whate'er it be disturbs you, I would to heaven 't were in my power to bear the pain, till I were able to remove the cause.

Aman. I hope ere long it will remove itself; at least I have given it warning to be gone.

"*Wor.* Would I durst ask, where 't is the thorn
" torments you?

" Forgive me, if I grow inquisitive;

" 'T is only with desire to give you ease.

" *Aman.* Alas! 't is in a tender part. It can't be
" drawn without a world of pain: yet out it must,
" for it begins to fester in my heart."

Wor. If 't is the sting of unrequited love, remove it instantly: I have a balm will quickly heal the wound.

Aman. You'll find the undertaking difficult: the surgeon, who already has attempted it, has much tormented me.

Wor. I'll aid him with gentler hand—if you will give me leave.

Aman. How soft soe'er the hand may be, there still is terror in the operation.

Wor. Some few preparatives would make it easy, could I persuade you to apply 'em. Make home reflections, madam, on your slighted love: weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms: rouse up that spirit women ought to bear, "and slight your
" god, if he neglects his angel." With arms of ice receive his cold embraces, and keep your fire for those who come in flames. Behold a burning lover at

your feet, his fever raging in his veins. " See how
" he trembles, how he pants ! See how he glows, how
" he consumes ! " Extend the arms of mercy to his
aid : his zeal may give him title to your pity, although
his merit cannot claim your love.

Aman. Of all my feeble sex, sure I must be the
weakest, should I again presume to think on love.—
[Sighing.]—Alas ! my heart has been too roughly
treated.

Wor. 'T will find the greater bliss in softer usage.

Aman. But where 's that usage to be found ?

Wor. 'T is here, within this faithful breast ; which,
if you doubt, I 'll rip it up before your eyes ; lay all
its secrets open to your view ; and then you 'll see
't was sound.

Aman. With just such honest words as these, the
worst of men deceived me.

Wor. He therefore merits all revenge can do : his
fault is such, the extent and stretch of vengeance can-
not reach it. O make me but your instrument of jus-
tice, you 'll find me execute it with such a zeal, as
shall convince you I abhor the crime.

Aman. The rigour of an executioner, has more the
face of cruelty than justice : and he who puts the cord
about the wretches neck, is seldom known to exceed
him in his morals.

Wor. What proof then can I give you of my truth ?

Aman. There is on earth but one.

Wor. And is that in my power ?

Aman. It is ; and one that would so thoroughly

convince me, I should be apt to rate your heart so high, I possibly might purchase it with a part of mine.

Wor. "Then, Heaven, thou art my friend, and" I am blest; "for if 'tis in my power, my will, I'm "sure will reach it." No matter what the terms may be, when such a recompence is offered. O tell me quickly what this proof must be? What is it will convince you of my love?

Aman. I shall believe you love me as you ought, if from this moment you forbear to ask whatever is unfit for me to grant——You pause upon it, sir——I doubt on such hard terms a woman's heart is scarcely worth the having.

Wor. A heart like yours, on any terms is worth it; 'twas not on that I paused: but I was thinking, [*Drawing nearer to her.*] whether some things there may not be, which women cannot grant without a blush, and yet which men may take without offence. [*Taking her hand.*] Your hand I fancy may be of the number: O pardon me if I commit a rape upon it, [*Kissing it eagerly.*] and thus devour it with my kisses.

Aman. O heavens! let me go.

Wor. Never, whilst I have strength to hold you here. [*Forcing her.*] My life, my soul, my goddess—"O forgive me!

"*Aman.* O whither am I going? Help, Heaven, "or I am lost.

"*Wor.* Stand neuter, gods, this once I do invoke you.

"*Aman.* Then save me, Virtue, and the glory's "thine.

“ *Wor.* Nay, never strive.

“ *Aman.* I will, and conquer too. My forces rally bravely to my aid, [*Breaking from him.*] and thus I gain the day.

Wor. “ Then mine as bravely double their attack; “ [*Seizing her again.*] and thus I wrest it from you.” Nay, struggle not; for all’s in vain: or death or victory; I am determin’d.

Aman. And so am I. [*Rushing from him.*] Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

Wor. [*Offering again.*] For Heaven’s sake.

Aman. [*Going.*] Nay, then, farewell.

Wor. [*Kneeling, and holding by her clothes.*] O stay, and see the magic force of love: behold this raging lion at your feet, struck dead with fear, and tame as charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you?

Aman. Repent, and never more offend.

“ *Wor.* Repentance for past crimes, is just and easy; “ but sin no more’s a task too hard for mortals.

“ *Aman.* Yet those who hope for Heaven, must use “ their best endeavours to perform it.

“ *Wor.* Endeavours we may use, but flesh and blood “ are got in t’other scale; and they are pond’rous “ things.

Aman. “ Whate’er they are, there is a weight in re- “ solution sufficient for their balance. The soul, I “ do confess, is usually so careless of its charge, so “ soft, and so indulgent to desire, it leaves the reins “ in the wild hand of Nature, who, like a Phaeton,

“ drives the fiery chariot, and sets the world on flame.
“ Yet still the sovereignty is in the mind, whene’er it
“ pleases to exert its force. Perhaps you may not
“ think it worth your while, to take such mighty pains
“ for my esteem ; but that I leave to you.
“ You see the price I set upon my heart,
“ Perhaps ’t is dear : but spite of all you art,
“ You ’ll find on cheaper terms, we ne’er shall part.”

[Exit.

Wor. Sure there’s divinity about her ; and she’s
dispensed some portion on’t to me. For what but
now was the wild flame of love, or (to dissect that
spacious term) the vile, the gross desires of flesh and
blood, is in a moment turned to adoration. “ The
“ coarser appetite of nature’s gone, and ’t is, methinks,
“ the food of angels I require : how long this influ-
“ ence may last, Heaven knows, but in this moment
“ of my purity, I could on her own terms accept her
“ heart. Yes, lovely woman, I can accept it. For
“ now ’t is doubly worth my care. Your charms are
“ much increased, since thus adorned.” When truth’s
extorted from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a
graceful habit.

Could women but our secret counsels scan,
Could they but reach the deep reserves of man,
They’d wear it on, that that of love might last ;
For when they throw off one, we soon the other cast.
Their sympathy is such——
The fate of one, the other scarce can fly,
They live together, and together die.

[Exit.

Enter Young FASHION, "meeting LORY.

"Y. *Fash.* Well, will the doctor come?

"Lory. Sir, I sent a porter to him as you ordered
"me. He found him with a pipe of tobacco and a
"great tankard of ale, which, he said, he would dis-
"patch while I could tell three, and be here.

"Y. *Fash.* He does not suspect 't was I that sent
"for him.

"Lory. Not a jot, sir; he divines as little for him-
"self, as he does for other folks.

"Y. *Fash.* Will he bring nurse with him?

"Lory. Yes.

"Y. *Fash.* That 's well; where 's Coupler?

"Lory. He 's half way up the stairs taking breath;
"he must play his bellows a little, before he can get
"to the top.

Enter COUPLER.

"Y. *Fash.* O, here he is. Well, old Phthisic, the
"doctor's coming.

"Coup. Would the pox had the doctor—I 'm quite
"out of wind. [*To Lory.*] Set me a chair, sirrah.—
"Ah—[*Sits down.*] [*To Y. Fash.*] Why the plague
"can'st not thou lodge upon the ground-floor?

"Y. *Fash.* Because I love to lie as near Heaven as
"I can.

"Coup. Pr'y thee, let Heaven alone; ne'er affect
"tending that way; thy centre 's downwards.

" Y. *Fash.* That's impossible. I have too much
" ill-luck in this world to be damned in the next.

" *Coup.* Thou art out in thy logic. Thy major is
" true, but thy minor is false ; for thou art the luckiest
" fellow in the universe.

" Y. *Fash.* Make out that.

" *Coup.* I'll do't : last night the devil ran away
" with the parson of Fat Goose living.

" Y. *Fash.* If he had run away with the parish too,
" what's that to me ?

" *Coup.* I'll tell thee what it's to thee. This living
" is worth five hundred pounds a-year, and the pre-
" sentation of it is thine, if thou can'st prove thyself a
" lawful husband to Miss Hoyden.

" Y. *Fash.* Say'st thou so, my protector ! then
" 'egad I shall have a brace of evidences here presently.

" *Coup.* The nurse and the doctor ?

" Y. *Fash.* The same : the devil himself won't have
" interest enough to make them withstand it.

" *Coup.* That we shall see presently.—Here they
" come.

*Enter Nurse and Chaplain ; " they start back seeing
Young Fashion.*

" Ah, goodness, Roger, we are betrayed.

" Y. *Fash.* [*Laying hold on them.*] Nay, nay, ne'er
" flinch for the matter ; for I have you safe. Come to
" your trials immediately ; I have no time to give you
" copies of your indictment. There sits your judge.
" [*Both kneeling.*] Pray, sir, have compassion on us.

" *Nurse*. I hope, sir, my years will move your pity ;
" I am an aged woman.

" *Coup*. That is a moving argument indeed. [*To*
" *Bull.*] Are not you a rogue of sanctity ?

" *Chap*. Sir, with respect to my function, I do wear
" a gown. I hope, sir, my character will be consider-
" ed : I am Heaven's ambassador.

" *Coup*. Did not you marry this vigorous young fel-
" low to a plump young buxom wench ?

" *Nurse*. [*To Bull.*] Don't confess, Roger, unless
" you are hard put to it indeed.

" *Coup*. Come, out with 't—Now is he chewing
" the cud of his roguery, and grinding a lie between
" his teeth.

" *Chap*. Sir—I cannot positively say—I say, sir
" —positively I cannot say—

" *Coup*. Come, no equivocation, no Roman turns
" upon us. Consider thou stand'st upon Protestant
" ground, which will slip from under thee, like a Ty-
" burn cart ; for in this country, we have always ten
" hangmen for one Jesuit.

" *Chap*. [*To Y. Fash.*] Pray, sir, then will you but
" permit me to speak one word in private with nurse ?

" *Y. Fash*. Thou art always for doing something in
" private with nurse.

" *Coup*. But pray let his betters be served before him
" for once. I would do something in private with her
" myself. Lory, take care of this reverend gown-man
" in the next room a little. Retire, priest. [*Exit*
" *Lory with Bull.*] Now, virgin, I must put the mat-

“ter home to you a little : do you think it might not
“be possible to make you speak truth ?

“*Nurse.* Alas! Sir, I don’t know what you mean
“by truth.

“*Coup.* Nay, ’t is possible thou mayest be a stranger
“to it.

“*Y. Fash.* Come, nurse, you and I were better
“friends when we saw one another last ; and I still
“believe you are a very good woman in the bottom.
“I did deceive you and your young lady, ’t is true,
“but I always designed to make a very good husband
“to her, and to be a very good friend to you. And
“’t is possible in the end, she might have found her-
“self happier, and you richer, than ever my brother
“will make you.

“*Nurse.* Brother! Why is your worship then his
“lordship’s brother ?

“*Y. Fash.* I am ; which you should have known,
“if I durst have staid to have told you ; but I was
“forced to take horse a little in haste, you know.

“*Nurse.* You were indeed, sir. Poor young man,
“how he was bound to scour for ’t. Now won’t your
“worship be angry, if I confess the truth to you?
“When found you were a cheat (with respect be it
“spoken) I verily believed Miss had got some pitiful
“skip-jack varlet or other to her husband, or I had
“never let her think of marrying again.

“*Coup.* But where was your conscience all this
“while, woman ? Did not that stare you in the face
“with huge saucer-eyes, and a great horn upon the

"forehead? Did not you think you should be damned
"for such a sin? Ha!

"*Y. Fash.* Well said, divinity; press that home
"upon her.

"*Nurse.* Why, in good truly, sir, I had some fear-
"ful thoughts on't, and could never be brought to
"consent, till Mr. Bull said it was a peckadille, and
"he'd secure my soul for a tythe-pig.

"*Y. Fash.* There was a rogue for you.

"*Coup.* And he shall thrive accordingly: he shall
"have a good living. Come, honest nurse, I see you
"have butter in your compound; you can melt. Some
"compassion you can have of this handsome young
"fellow.

"*Nurse.* I have indeed, sir.

Y. Fash. "Why, then, I'll tell you what you shall
"do for me." You know what a warm living here
is fallen; and that it must be in the disposal of him
who has the disposal of Miss. Now if you and the
doctor will agree to prove my marriage, I'll present
him to it, upon condition he make you his bride.

Nurse. Now the blessing of the Lord follow your
good worship "both by night and by day." Let him
be fetched in by the ears; I'll soon bring his nose to
the grindstone.

Coup. [*Aside.*] Well said, old whit-leather. Hey;
bring in the prisoner there.

Enter LORY with the Chaplain.

"*Coup.* Come, advance, holy man: here's your
"duck does not think fit to retire with you into the

“chancel at this time; but she has a proposal to make
 “to you in the face of the congregation. Come, nurse,
 “speak for yourself; you are of age.

“*Nurse.* Roger, are not you a wicked man, Roger, to
 “set your strength against a weak woman, and per-
 “suade her it was no sin to conceal Miss’s nuptials?
 “My conscience flies in my face for it, thou priest of
 “Baal; and I find, by woeful experience, thy abso-
 “lution is not worth an old cassock: therefore I am
 “resolved to confess the truth to the whole world,
 “though I die a beggar for it. But his worship over-
 “flows with his mercy, and his bounty: he is not only
 “pleased to forgive us our sins, but designs thou shalt
 “squat thee down in Fat Goose living, and which is
 “more than all, has prevailed with me to become the
 “wife of thy bosom.”

Y. Fash. All this I intend for you, doctor: what
 you are to do for me, I need not tell ye.

Chap. Your worship’s goodness is unspeakable: “yet
 “there is one thing seems a point of conscience; and
 “conscience is a tender babe. If I should bind my-
 “self, for the sake of this living, to marry nurse, and
 “maintain her afterwards, I doubt it might be looked
 “on as a kind of simony.”

Coup. “*[Rising up.]* If it were sacrilege, the living’s
 “worth it: therefore,” no more words, good doctor;
 but with the *[Giving Nurse to him.]* Parish—here—
 take the parsonage-house. ’Tis true, ’tis a little out
 of repair; some dilapidations there are to be made
 good; the windows are broke, the wainscot is warped,

the ciellings are peeled, and the wall are cracked ; but a little glazing, painting, whitewash, and plaister, will make it last thy time.

Chap. Well, sir, if it must be so, " I sha'n't contend :
" What Providence orders," I submit " to."

Nurse. And so do I, with all humility.

Coup. Why, that now was spoke like good people :
" Come, " my turtle-doves," let us go help this poor pigeon to his wandering mate again ; and after institution and induction, you shall go a cooing together.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Miss HOYDEN and Nurse.

Miss Hoy. But is it sure and certain, say you, he's my lord's own brother ?

Nurse. As sure as he's your lawful husband.

Miss Hoy. I'cad, if I had known that in time, I don't know but I might have kept him : for, between you and I, nurse, he'd have made a husband worth two of this I have. But which do you think you should fancy most, nurse ?

Nurse. Why, truly, in my poor fancy, madam, your first husband is the prettier gentleman.

Miss Hoy. I don't like my lord's shapes, nurse.

Nurse. Why in good truly, as a body may say, he is but a slam.

Miss Hoy. What do you think now he puts me in mind of ? Don't you remember a long, loose, shambling sort of a horse my father called Washy ?

Nurse. As like as two twin-brothers.

Miss *Hoy*. I 'cod, I have thought so a hundred times; faith I 'm tired of him.

Nurse. Indeed, madam, I think you had e'en as good stand to your first bargain.

Miss *Hoy*. O but, nurse, we han't considered the main thing yet. If I leave my lord, I must leave my lady too: and when I rattle about in the streets in my coach, they 'll only say, there goes mistress——mistress——Mistress what? What 's this man's name, I have married, nurse?

Nurse. 'Squire Fashion.

Miss *Hoy*. 'Squire Fashion is it?——Well, 'squire, that 's better than nothing. Do you think one could not get him made a knight, nurse?

Nurse. I don't know but one might, madam, when the king's in a good humour.

Miss *Hoy*. I 'cod, that would do rarely. For then he 'd be as good a man as my father, you know.

Nurse. By'rlady, and that 's as good as the best of them.

Miss *Hoy*. So 't is, faith; for then I shall be my lady, and your ladyship at every word, that 's all I have to care for. Ha, nurse, but hark you me, one thing more, and then I have done. I 'm afraid, if I change my husband again, I shan't have so much money to throw about, nurse.

Nurse. Oh, enough's as good as a feast: "besides, "madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to "your share with the younger brother, as with the "elder." For though these lords have a power of

wealth indeed ; yet as I have heard say, they give it all to their sluts and their trulls, who joggle it about in their coaches, with a murrain to 'em, whilst poor madam sits sighing and wishing, and knotting and crying, and has not a spare half-crown, to buy her a Practice of Piety.

Miss *Hoy*. O, but for that, do n't deceive yourself, nurse, for this I must [*Snapping her fingers.*] say for my lord, and a——for him ; he 's as free as an open house at Christmas. For this very morning he told me, I should have two hundred a-year to buy pins.—Now, nurse, if he gives me two hundred a-year to buy pins, what do you think he 'll give me to buy fine petticoats ?

Nurse. Ah, my dearest, he deceives thee foully, and he 's no better than a rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got a gibberidge with 'em, would confound a gipsey. That which they call pin-money, is to buy their wives every thing in the versal world, down to their very shoe ties. “ Nay, I have heard “ folks say, that some ladies, if they will have gallants, “ as they call 'em, are forced to find them out of their “ pin-money too.”

Miss *Hoy*. Has he served me so, say ye ?——Then I 'll be his wife no longer, that 's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine folks at his heels. I 'cod, nurse, these London ladies will laugh till they crack again, to see me slip my collar, and run away from my husband. But, d'ye hear, pray take care of one thing : when the business comes to break out, be sure

you get between me and my father, for you know his tricks; he'll knock me down.

Nurse. I'll mind him, ne'er fear, madam.

Enter Lord FOPPINGTON, LOVELESS, WORTHY, AMANDA, and BERINTHIA.

L. Fop. Ladies and gentlemen, you are all welcome. [*To Lov.*] Loveless—that's my wife; pr'ythee do me the favour to salute her: and do'st hear, [*Aside to him.*] if thou hast a mind to try thy fortune, to be revenged of me, I wont take it ill, stap my vitals.

Lov. You need not fear, sir, I am too fond of my own wife, to have the least inclination for yours.

[*All salute Miss.*

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] I'd give a thousand pound he would make love to her, that he may see she has sense enough to prefer me to him, though his own wife has not. [*Viewing him.*] "He's a very beastly fellow, in my opinion."

Miss Hoy. [*Aside.*] What a power of fine men there are in this London. He that kissed me first is a goodly gentleman, I promise you. Sure those wives have a rare time on't, that live here always.

Enter Sir TUNBELLY, with Musicians, Dancers, &c.

Sir Tun. Come, come in, good people, come in; come, tune your fiddles, tune your fiddles. [*To the hautboys.*] Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come, strike up. [*Sings.*

*For this is Hoyden's wedding day;
And therefore we keep holy-day,
And come to be merry.*

Hal there's my wench, i'faith: touch and take, I'll warrant her; she'll breed like a tame rabbit.

Miss Hoy. [*Aside.*] I'cod I think my father's gotten drunk before supper.

Sir Tun. [*To Lov. and Wor.*] Gentlemen, your are welcome. [*Saluting Aman. and Ber.*] Ladies, by your leave. Ha—they bill like turtles: udsookers, they set my old blood a-fire; I shall cuckold somebody before morning.

L. Fop. [*To Sir Tun.*] Sir, you being master of the entertainment; will you desire the company to sit?

Sir Tun. Oons, sir—I'm the happiest man on this side the Ganges.

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] This is a mighty unaccountable old fellow. [*To Sir Tun.*] I said, sir, it would be convenient to ask the company to sit.

Sir Tun. Sit—"with all my heart: come, take "your places, ladies, take your places, gentlemen:" come, sit down, sit down; a pox of ceremony, "take "your places."
[*They sit, and the Mask begin.*]

“ DIALOGUE *between* CUPID *and* HYMEN.

I.

“ CUPID.

- “ *Thou bane to my empire, thou spring of contest,*
“ *Thou source of all discord, thou period to rest ;*
“ *Instruct me what wretches in bondage can see,*
“ *That the aim of their life is still pointed to thee.*

II.

“ HYMEN.

- “ *Instruct me, thou little impertinent god,*
“ *From whence all thy subjects have taken the mode,*
“ *To grow fond of a change, to whatever it be,*
“ *And I'll tell thee why those would be bound, who are*
free.

“ CHORUS.

- “ *For change, we're for change, to whatever it be,*
“ *We are neither contented with freedom, nor thee.*
“ *Constancy's an empty sound,*
“ *Heaven, and earth, and all go round,*
“ *All the works of nature move,*
“ *And the joys of life and love*
“ *Are in variety.*

III.

CUPID.

- “ *Were love the reward of a pains-taking life,*
“ *Had a husband the art to be fond of his wife,*
“ *Were virtue so plenty, a wife could afford,*
“ *These very hard times, to be true to her lord,*

" Some specious account might be given of those,
 " Who are ty'd by the tail, to be led by the nose.

IV.

" But since 't is the fate of a man and his wife,
 " To consume all their days in contention and strife :
 " Since whate'er the bounty of Heaven may create her,
 " He's morally sure he shall heartily hate her.
 " I think 't were much wiser to ramble at large,
 " And the follies of love on the head to discharge.

V.

HYMEN.

" Some colour of reason thy counsel might bear,
 " Could a man have no more than his wife to his share :
 " Or were I a monarch so cruelly just,
 " To oblige a poor wife to be true to her trust ;
 " But I have not pretended, for many years past,
 " By marrying of people, to make 'em grow chaste.

VI.

" I therefore advise thee to let me go on,
 " Thou 'lt find I'm the strength and support of thy throne ;
 " For hadst thou but eyes, thou wouldst quickly perceive it,
 " How smoothly the dart
 " Slips into the heart
 " Of a woman that 's wed,
 " Whilst the shivering maid
 " Stands trembling, and wishing, but dare not receive it.

" CHORUS.

" For change, &c."

The Mask ended. Enter Young FASHION, COUPLER, and Chaplain.

Sir *Tun.* So, "very fine, very fine; i'faith, this "is something like a wedding." Now, if supper were but ready, I'd say a short grace; and if I had such a bed-fellow as Hoyden to night—I'd say as short prayers—[*Seeing Y. Fash.*] How now, what have we got here? A ghost! Nay, it must be so; for his flesh and blood could never have dared to appear before me—[*To him.*] Ah, rogue!

L. *Fop.* Stap my vitals, Tam again!

Sir *Tun.* My lord, will you cut his throat, or shall I?

L. *Fop.* Thou art the impudentest fellow that nature has yet spawned into the world, strike me speechless.

Y. *Fash.* Why, you know my modesty would have starved me; I sent it a begging to you, and you would not give it a groat.

L. *Fop.* And dost thou expect, by an excess of assurance, to extort a maintenance fram me?

Y. *Fash.* [*Taking Miss by the hand.*] I do intend to extort your mistress from you, and that, I hope, will prove one.

L. *Fop.* I ever thaught Newgate or Bedlam would be his fartune, and naw his fate's decided. Pr'ythee, Loveless, dost knaw of ever a mad doctar hard by?

Y. *Fash.* There's one at your elbow will cure you presently.—[*To Bull.*] Pr'ythee, doctor, take him in hand quickly.

L. Fop. Shall I beg the favour of you, sir, to pull your fingers out of my wife's hand?

Y. Fash. His wife? Look you there. Now I hope you are all satisfied he's mad.

L. Fop. Naw it is impassible far me to penetrate what species of folly it is thou art driving at.

Sir Tun. Here, here, here, let me beat out his brains, and that will decide all.

L. Fop. No, pray, sir, hold; we'll destray him presently, according to law.

Y. Fash. [To Bull.] Nay, then, advance, Doctor—Come, you are a man of conscience; answer boldly to the questions I shall ask. Did not you marry me to this young lady, before ever that gentleman there saw her face?

Chap. Since the truth must out, I did.

Y. Fash. Nurse, sweet nurse, were not you a witness to it?

Nurse. Since my conscience bids me speak—I was.

Y. Fash. [To Miss.] Madam, am not I your lawful husband?

Miss Hoy. Truly, I can't tell, but you married me first.

Y. Fash. Now, I hope you are all satisfied.

Sir Tun. [Offering to strike him, is held by Lov. and Wor.] 'Oons and thunder, you lie!

L. Fop. Pray, sir, be calm—the battle is in disorder; but requires more conduct than courage to rally our forces. Pray, doctor, one word with you.—[To Bull, aside.] Look you, sir, “though I will not

“ presume to calculate your notions of damnation,
“ fram the description you give us of hell; yet, since
“ there is a passibility you may have a pitchfork
“ thrust into your backside,” methinks it should not
be worth your while to risque your saul in the next
world, for the sake of a beggarly yaunger brother,
who is natable to make your bady happy in this.

Chap. Alas, my lord, I have no worldly ends! I
speak the truth, Heaven knows——

“ *L. Fop.* Nay, pr’ythee, never engage Heaven in
“ the matter; far, by all I can see, ’t is like to prove
“ a business for the devil.”

Y. Fash. Come, pray, sir, all above-board; no
corrupting of evidences, if you please: this young
lady is my lawful wife, and I’ll justify it in all the
courts in England. So, your lordship (who had al-
ways a passion for variety) may go seek a new mis-
tress if you think fit.

L. Fop. I am struck dumb with his impudence, and
cannot passitively tell whether ever I shall speak again
or not.

Sir Tun. Then let me come and examine the business
a little; I’ll jirk the truth out of them presently.—
Here, give me my dog-whip.

Y. Fash. Look you, old gentleman, ’tis in vain
to make a noise; if you grow mutinous, I have some
friends within call, have swords by their sides above
four feet long; therefore, be calm, hear the evidence
patiently, and when the jury have given their verdict,
pass sentence according to law. Here ’s honest Coup-

ler shall be foreman, and ask as many questions as he pleases.

Coup. All I have to ask is, whether the nurse persists in her evidence? The parson, I dare swear, will never flinch from his.

Nurse. [*To Sir Tun. kneeling.*] I hope in heaven your worship will pardon me: I have served you long and faithfully; but in this thing I was over-reached. Your worship, however, was deceived as well as I; and if the wedding-dinner had been ready, you had put madam to bed with him with your own hands.

Sir Tun. But how durst you do this, without acquainting of me.

Nurse. Alas! if your worship had seen how the poor thing begged and prayed, and clung, and twined about me, like ivy to an old wall, you would say, I, who had suckled it, and swaddled it, and nursed it both wet and dry, must have had a heart of adamant to refuse it.

Sir Tun. Very well.

Y. Fash. Foreman, I expect your verdict.

Coup. Ladies and gentlemen, what 's your opinions?

All. A clear case, a clear case.

Coup. Then, my young folks, I wish you joy.

Sir Tun. [*To Y. Fash.*] Come hither, stripling—if it be true, then, that thou hast married my daughter, pry'thee, tell me who thou art.

Y. Fash. Sir, the best of my condition is, I am your son-in-law; and the worst of it is, I am brother to that noble peer there.

Sir Tun. Art thou brother to that noble peer?—Why

then, that noble peer, and thee, and thy wife, and the nurse, and the priest—may all go and be damn'd together. [Exit Sir Tun.]

L. Fop. [*Aside.*] Naw, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do, with an aching heart, is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosophical air is the most becoming thing in the world to the face of a person of quality. I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an affront.—[*To Y. Fash.*] Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen out, pry'thee, give me leave to wish thee jay; I do it *de bon cœur*, strike me dumb. You have married a woman, beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice morality, split my windpipe.

Y. Fash. Your lordship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please; I shall support mine with this lady, and two thousand pounds a year.

—[*Taking Miss.*] Come, madam:

We once again, you see, are man and wife;
And now perhaps, the bargains struck for life:
If I mistake, and we should part again,
At least, you see, you may have choice of men:
Nay, should the war at length such havock make,
That lovers should grow scarce, yet for your sake,
Kind heaven always will preserve a beau—

[*Pointing to Lord Fop.*] You'll find his lordship ready to come to.

L. Fop. Her ladyship shall stap my vitals if I do.

[*Exeunt* Jacobus

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Lord FOPPINGTON.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THESE people have regal'd you here to-day
(In my opinion) with a saucy play;
In which the author does presume to show,
That coxcomb, ab origine—was beau.
Truly, I think the thing of so much weight,
That if some sharp chastisement be n't his fate,
Gad's curse it may, in time, destroy the state.
I hold no one its friend, I must confess,
Who would discauntenance you men of dress.
Far, give me leave t' observe, good clothes are things
Have ever been of great support to kings.
All treasons come from slovens; it is nat
Within the reach of gentle beaux to plat;
They have no gall, no spleen, no teeth, no stings;
Of all Gad's creatures the most harmless things.
Through all record no prince was ever slain
By one who had a feather in his brain.
They're men of too refin'd an education,
To squabble with a court—for a vile dirty nation.
I'm very positive you never saw
A thro' republican a finish'd beau.
Nor, truly, shall you very often see
A Jacobite much better dress'd than he.

*In shart through all the courts that I have been in,
Your men of mischief—still are in foul linen.
Did ever yet one dance the Tyburn jig,
With a free air, or a well powder'd wig?
Did ever highwayman yet bid you stand,
With a sweet bawdy snuff-box in his hand?
Or do you ever find they ask your purse,
As men of breeding do?—Ladies, Gad's curse,
This author is a dōg, and 't is not fit
You should allow him e'en one grain of wit;
To which, that his pretence may ne'er be nam'd,
My humble motion is—he may be damn'd.*

